# A GREATHEART OF THE SOUTH

JOHN T. ANDERSON
MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

Very few times in the history of the Student Movement in North America has there emerged a personality who combined in such marked measure as John Anderson passion for service, for winning his fellow students to Christ and for increasing the number of those who, God permitting, purpose to become foreign missionaries. Sprung from Southern soil, hearty and alert in temperament, he was instant in season and out of season to grasp every opportunity for the expression of his life purposes. John Anderson left his impress on every individual that he met, first among his fellow students in college and medical school, and in broader contacts with students of Kentucky and the Carolinas where he was instrumental either in organizing or in reviving State Student Volunteen Unions, then in the hospital where he served as interne, and finally as a medical missionary in China. With physical life snuffed out through accidental drowning, it is to be hoped that John Anderson will continue to impress student and other lives for many years to come through this fine and effective though brief biograph that as been prepared by Mr. Gordon Poteat, his longtime student friend.

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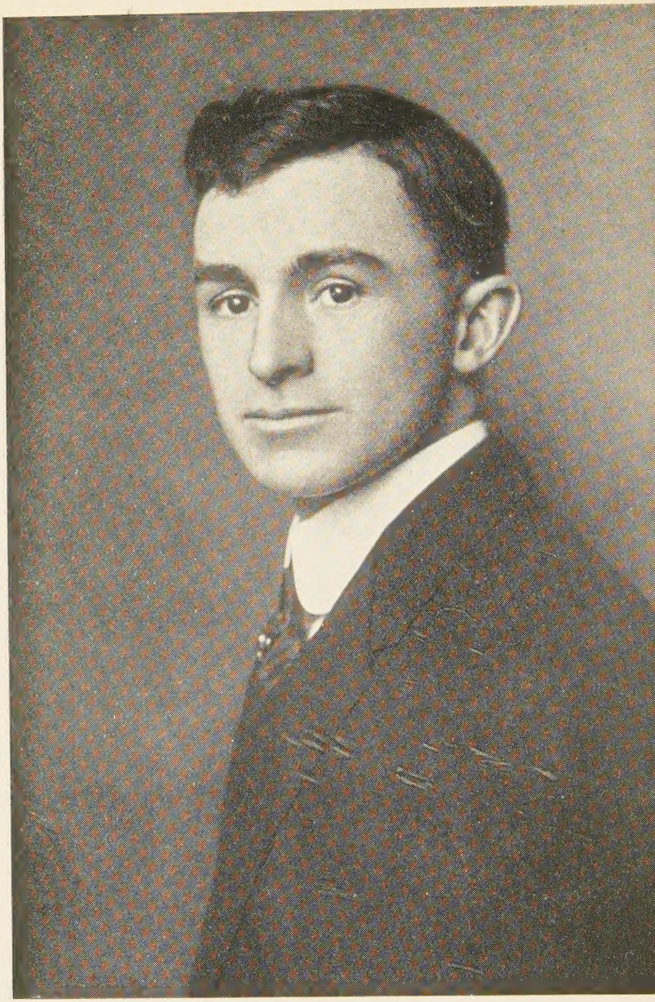

JOHN T. ANDERSON, M.D.

# A GREATHEART OF THE SOUTH

## JOHN T. ANDERSON

MEDICAL MISSIONARY

BY

GORDON POTEAT

PROFESSOR OF NEW TESTAMENT
SHANGHAI BAPTIST COLLEGE

*"The Interpreter then called for a Man-Servant of his, one Great-heart."*
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The assistance which others have given, particularly in the supplying of letters and incidents which were unknown to me, and their urging me to the writing of this memoir have in large measure contributed to the completion of this book. They, as well as I, came under the influence of John Anderson's short life. So many have written since his passing, "He was the best friend I ever had." None of us would dare claim to have been John's best friend, but all of us drew heavily upon his unfailing love and friendship. John Anderson's endowment was not one of rich intellectual gifts. His superiority to the common run of men lay rather in the unreserve of his giving of his life and love and service to others. This book is no eulogy—John Anderson never wanted praise. The record of his deeds speaks for itself. I must acknowledge specially the help that John's companion, Mrs. Minnie Middleton Anderson, and his father and mother, and close friends, L. M. Terrill, H. J. Langston and L. W. Langston, have given me. The use of several verses from the poem "Tamate," by John Oxenham, at the close of the last chapter is also acknowledged.

GORDON POTEAT.

*November,* 1920.

# CONTENTS


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I | The Yang Tze River | 11 |
| II | Early Indications of Character | 19 |
| III | At Furman | 27 |
| IV | Beginning the Study of Medicine | 37 |
| V | The First Year in Kentucky | 51 |
| VI | The Last Year in the University | 63 |
| VII | A Hospital Interne | 79 |
| VIII | Into the Far East | 93 |
| IX | Yang Chow and Beyond | 109 |

# ILLUSTRATIONS


John T. Anderson, M. D. . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Dr. Anderson in His Hospital Uniform . 31

Dr. and Mrs. Anderson and Their Son in Yang Chow . . . . . 46

On the Way to Hwanghsien . . . . 46

Off for a Wheelbarrow Ride . . . 95

Loyal Friends of the Hospital . . . 95

The Parents of "Little Four" . . . 110

# CHAPTER I: THE YANG TZE RIVER

# A GREATHEART OF THE SOUTH

## CHAPTER I

### THE YANG TZE RIVER

After three long weeks on the blue sea, the Pacific liner dropped anchor in the swirling yellow flood of the Yang Tze River. In the darkness no hint of the shore line of China could be seen, but the travelers knew that they were at the end of their journey as the lights of the vessel revealed the muddy waters of that great river beneath the sides of the steamer. There was a thrill in this first contact with the land of their quest.

How truly this great river, seen first in the darkness, typifies that endless stream of life that is China, sweeping on through countless centuries, full of old world sorrows and old world joys. The river, rising far to the West in the snows of the Himalayas, brings with its swift deep current the blessings of fertility to all its banks, but also at times the bane of destroying floods. It bears the ships of commerce on its navigable waters for a thousand miles, the artery of trade to the heart of China; but, in its wilder moments, it crushes

boats with their freight of teas and silks in the teeth of the rapids in the Yang Tze Gorges. Thus also are the possibilities of good and evil in the teeming millions of the land of Sinim. Steadily down the files of time they have come, virile and strong, faithful to their past in a marvelous conservatism, with unlimited resources of man-power, to pour their wealth into the larger oceans of new world relationships. And yet the mouth of this stream of blessing is clogged by the silt of disease, of plagues and infection from fetid cities, by the filth of immorality in homes and of corruption in state, the deposit of low standards of decaying religions.

To conserve the power of the river for the benefits of commerce and agriculture comes the engineer. To purify the life of the people that they may have their part in the Kingdom which John saw as a holy city descending from God out of Heaven, comes the missionary. And of all the special types of missionaries, none serve larger ends than those who with their Bibles bring their lancets and their medicine cases. At first, prejudices against "foreign medicine" must be overcome and skill in healing demonstrated, but the day soon comes when the doors of the mission hospital are crowded with the maimed and halt, the diseased and unclean, and there is more to be done than the one or two doctors in charge can possibly accomplish.

There are only about four hundred and fifty medical missionaries among the four hundred million Chinese. Sometimes a single doctor stands alone amidst a great

multitude with no other doctor to assist in major operations that must be performed. And because furloughs must be taken to rebuild worn-out strength, and because sometimes doctors die, perhaps of plague contracted from a lowly Chinese to whom the missionary physician has given himself in sacrificial service, hospitals have to be closed for a year and sometimes longer. Time goes on, and all too few of the young medical students in American schools seem to hear the call of the sick of China. There is little of financial compensation and much of sacrifice; there are few great fees, but many dire needs. The appreciation of those to whom loving and skilled help is given is, after all, the greatest reward.

The Grand Canal touches the Yang Tze River near the city of Chinkiang. Following the canal northward for ten or fifteen miles, one comes in sight of the walls and the pagoda of the city of Yang Chow. (Yang here is the same character as the Yang of the river. Chow means district.) Here the canal begins to twist and turn as a serpent until it passes by the walls of the city, for an evil spirit could enter the city along the course of a straight stream. The canal is crowded with ancient junks, but much of the traffic nowadays along this single outlet of Yang Chow is in steam launches which swarm with Chinese who pack them to their limits. Inside the city walls the streets are very narrow and the odors that rise from the congested population are seldom fragrant. Conditions of life from the modern standpoint are unsanitary and primitive. Chinese doctors of the old school have

never been able to alleviate such conditions. At the best their services are inefficient palliatives. What can feeling the pulse in four or five different places and piercing the body with needles to release the evil spirits do to bring health and sanitation to such a city?

Fifteen years or so ago, Dr. Philip Evans, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, and his wife, the daughter of one of the leading business men of Baltimore, entered Yang Chow as missionaries of Jesus Christ and apostles of modern medicine. Not long thereafter, they were joined by Dr. Adrian Taylor and his wife, who came from Mobile, Alabama. Dr. Taylor had made a brilliant record at the University of Virginia and had quite disgusted one of his professors by deciding to "waste" his talents on the "heathen Chinese," when he might do so well in America. Later still, Dr. Richard V. Taylor, Jr., with his wife, followed his brother to the hospital in Yang Chow. Calls came to Dr. Evans and Dr. Adrian Taylor to give themselves to training Chinese physicians in two different medical schools, and so shortly after Dr. R. V. Taylor was settled in Yang Chow, he found himself alone in charge of the men's and women's hospitals with an enlarging clinic on his hands. He was so occupied with this work that he did not consider it feasible to leave the hospital even during the hot summer months. Day in and day out he ministered to the crowds of sick who came for treatment, seeking always to heal their souls as well.

Back in America, there was a young physician serving out his interneship in a New York hospital. In

his college days he had been touched by Dr. R. V. Taylor, when, familiarly known as Dick Taylor, he had been traveling for the Student Volunteer Movement. The inspiration of that contact with this enthusiastic secretary, who was soon to sail for China, lived on in this young college man through his own medical course and was one of the cords that drew him steadily toward the foreign field. Perhaps neither of them dreamed that they should one day be together in a medical mission in China, but in the fall of 1917, Dr. John T. Anderson sailed up the Grand Canal and landed at the stone wharf of Yang Chow. He had come to help share in the heavy burdens which were bearing down the strong shoulders of the doctor who stood alone.

A short year passed by and the Red Cross Unit with the American Expedition in Siberia began to send appeals to missionary doctors in China to volunteer for service with the Unit. The call came to Yang Chow and though there were only two physicians to care for the host of patients in the hospital and outside, the two agreed together that one of them should go. The decision fell on Dr. Taylor and Dr. Anderson was left in charge of the hospital.

On the night of November the twelfth, 1918, Dr. Anderson left for Shanghai to attend a committee meeting of the mission. In crossing the Yang Tze River to take the train, the small sampan in which he was riding was run down in the darkness by a large river steamer and he was thrown into the river and drowned. The great relentless tide swept his body

on in the darkness and it was never recovered. After all, what could one life do pitted against that stream? What could one missionary physician accomplish with that Augean task? Wasn't it hopeless in the beginning? Wasn't it waste in the end?

# CHAPTER II: EARLY INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER

## CHAPTER II

### EARLY INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER

A WIDE main street, very dusty or deeply mired according to the weather, lined with dwellings toward either extremity, and with stores at the center of the village, that, for the most part, was the quiet South Carolina town called Woodruff. In the section where the shops clustered was a large frame residence, the only home that faced the street in that locality. A magnificent magnolia, fifty feet high, stood in the front yard. The tree had been brought from Charleston at the close of the Civil War. The Andersons who lived in this home were relatives of Captain Woodruff, the founder of the town. W. A. Anderson, the father, came as a boy of nineteen to work for his great-uncle, the Captain. His own father had died when he was quite young, and the uncle had agreed to adopt him. With his grandfather and mother and brothers, Mr. Anderson worked nineteen years to pay off war debts, owing for slaves set free. Lawyers had advised the grandfather to repudiate the debts, for the creditors were well-to-do and were not pushing their claims, but he insisted on paying all. The mother taught school to help earn the money. The grandfather died before the debt was canceled, but the boys paid off

the last dollar. It was Mr. Anderson's great ambition to go to college and he begged his uncle with tears to let him go, but it was impossible for his uncle, who had no son, to spare him from the work on the farm. Denied a college education himself, he cherished in his heart the purpose to send all his children, of whom there were eight, to college when they were grown. Six have already graduated.

Such the stock of which John Todd Anderson, the oldest son of William A. Anderson, was born, April 20, 1887. Limited in opportunity, it was rich in integrity and ambition. John early committed himself to Christ. He recalled years afterward his uncle's speaking to him down at the barn, asking him whether he did not want to be a Christian. During a country "protracted meeting," his father and he knelt alone, hard by the old church, and John gave himself to the Lord, joining the church at the age of twelve. He early knew the sweat of toil, and he loved to work and worked hard. At fourteen he planned and built a cotton house to protect the cotton picked in the fields before it was taken to the gin. The house is still standing, its door still swinging true. He knew how to plow and had a section of the farm as his own to cultivate. At fifteen he began to help dig artesian wells with a well-machine, and when he had finished high school he was sent to Georgia by his father to drill wells on his own account. Largely because of John's own energy and initiative, his father's home was the first in Woodruff to have water works and plumbing facilities. John dug the well, put up the

water tank, and put in the fixtures. Later neighbors, observing these conveniences, asked to be connected up with the tank and the town water system had its genesis in the Anderson back yard.

In the fall of 1905 John entered college at Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina. He came on to the campus carrying the suitcase of one of the upper classmen. His face bore a smile, the smile that became famous around the college, of one who had already learned the lesson—"Whoever forces you to go one mile, go with him two miles," and do it cheerfully. At the beginning of his second year he was called home to take up well-drilling again, to tide over financial difficulties in the family. Telegrams had come from Georgia saying:

> Send your son John out here and he can get all the work and more than he can do.

His father called him on the long distance telephone:

"John, you know how I am pressed. You will be worth one thousand dollars to me next year in Georgia. Will you promise me to go and then return to Furman a year hence?"

John replied:

"Father, I will do what you tell me."

His father said:

"If you are in doubt about being able to return to college later, stay where you are, but if you will go, pack your trunk."

John went to Georgia and made the thousand dollars. It was characteristic of his relations with his parents.

His father has said that he never disobeyed him but once, and that time he came to him and acknowledged his fault saying:

"Father, I will never disobey you again."

Like the boy Jesus, whose outlook was far wider than his parents', he was yet submissive unto them.

In succeeding summers he was engaged in well-drilling, making funds to carry him through school. The machine was driven along the country roads from town to town where contracts were secured for wells. He was his own engineer and repair man and business manager. Regular reports on the progress made in digging were sent to his father and itemized accounts. Some interesting sidelights on his character come out in letters written home from Georgia.

Mother was saying that she felt so sorry for me because I have to work so hard in the sun. Well, I am sorry that she cannot be in the same fix that I am and enjoy the sun and the good health that I am enjoying. I am going to take care of myself and am working only eleven hours a day.

In another letter he writes:

I am staying at the hotel here. The fare is very poor, but I can make out on anything. The weather has been hot, but I have not felt at all bad a single moment that I have been here. My hands and arms and face have been sore with blisters and peeling skin. It has not hurt me, though, and I am about tough. My work yesterday was to rise at four and work on the boiler until the negro helpers came to work. While they were at dinner I took the engine to pieces and filed the brasses.

In a letter to his father he gives as his motto:

> Look on the bright side and work so hard that you cannot think of the other side of life.

As he was conscientious and industrious in his work, so was he faithful and devoted to the church. On Sundays he was regularly at the services and attended Sunday School if the place had one. He invariably comments on the sermon in his Sunday letters home and on the state of the religious life of the community. For instance:

> I have spent a Sunday in another Georgia town about the size of the last one. I went to church this morning, but did not hear of any Sunday School. Mr. E—— invited me to dinner. They have a fine large house. They did not go to church. They are friendly people, but full of this world.

In a certain town where he went to drill a well, no home would take him in to board except the poorest couple in the place. There was only one wash pan in the house and no water bucket. Ablutions had to be performed at the well. As he remained in town at work, some of the other people came to know that he was of good family and asked him to move over to another place. He refused, however, to leave the poor folk who first took him in.

One rainy day when they had stopped work, a man of the town noticed John and his helpers standing in the shelter of some freight cars. It was damp and chilly, and one of the men drew out a flask of whiskey

for a drop of cheer. When it came out of his pocket, the townsman saw John speak to the fellow, but could not hear the words. In a moment the flask was returned to the pocket and not a drop was touched by any of them.

His experiences in Georgia were making their contribution in training and development for the career that lay ahead. Already there were indications of those traits which made his friends later regard him as the most Christ-like man they knew.

"In my reading to-day I came across the following which I memorized," he writes in a letter from a town in Georgia.

My Prayer

In my home life may I be made a blessing;
A tender comfort when days are full of pain;
Always thinking of others before myself.
And in my daily calling may I work not for the wages I may receive,
But so as to please Jesus, my Master.
In my inner life I desire to be kept pure and holy.
O Holy and Spotless One, be in me a crystal fountain of purity.
Teach me what my talents are and help me to make the two four and the five ten.

# CHAPTER III: AT FURMAN

## CHAPTER III

### AT FURMAN

The following fall John was back in Furman again. The college belongs to that group of small colleges, definitely Christian in purpose, which has produced so much of the finest leadership in America. Its traditions are healthily and honestly religious. It is "a brotherhood for character building and a fellowship in the pursuit of knowledge." Because of the moderate size of the student body there is a real community of interest and the students enter fully into the whole life of the institution. The daily chapel services are no perfunctory affair, nor is the athletic and social life less hearty than in larger institutions, and the close contact of student and professor affords special intellectual advantages.

John took his full share in all the life of the college. His cheery disposition and unselfish spirit made him one of the most popular men in school. Not particularly skillful in athletics though physically well-built, he faithfully played his part on the "scrubs," and was an enthusiastic supporter of the athletic teams. He was no saint who thought himself too good to mix with other men. His ability to manage affairs

laid him open to many calls for his services. If there was a college picnic or banquet or reception, he was sure to have the chief responsibility for the arrangements. He decorated the halls for public functions; he was in the kitchen when refreshments were to be served. He was student manager of the college dormitory and dining-room, business manager of the college monthly and the year book, and held many other such offices in the various student organizations. As one of his fellow students has said:

"He was the servant of the student body while at Furman. He made opportunities to serve."

A fellow student fallen sick, it was John who nursed him, who went to the kitchen and prepared him palatable food. These things he loved rather than his books, and because there were so many things that called for his time outside of the class-room, he did not usually stand well in his classes. But there is no man who went through Furman in those years who stood higher in the estimation of the faculty. The President remarked many times:

"John Anderson has a genius for helpfulness."

And one of the professors has written:

> What John Anderson was at the end, he was at the beginning of my acquaintance with him. Throughout his student years in Furman, he ministered to the physical needs of fellow students. He was almost as much of a physician then as he was afterwards. And in all of these ministrations one felt that John Anderson was first a Christian, and second, a physician. He was one of the purest spirits I have ever known.

In this second year at college, Dr. W. W. Hamilton, at that time a pastor and later head of the Department of Evangelism of the Southern Baptist Convention, came to Greenville for a week of meetings in the church attended by most of the college students. In a midnight prayer-meeting which lasted until two o'clock in the morning, John made his full surrender to Christ and from that time on heart and soul were dedicated to the Master's service, looking toward the day when he would be a missionary. He became a man of one purpose. Everything he did subsequently was related to that "one thing I do." Moreover, he did not postpone his missionary service until he was in China. The two things that were nearest his heart from that time forward were the college Young Men's Christian Association and the Student Volunteer Band. He became an officer in both organizations, and served with contagious enthusiasm and energy. Dr. George W. Truett came for an evangelistic campaign one year, and John prepared a list of the college men who were not Christians, and called some of his friends together for daily prayer that they might be saved. He also talked to many of them personally and arranged conferences for them with ministers and friends. He would take his place beside a timid, unsaved fellow student when the invitation was given and go with him to the front of the church. Always was he concerned that his friends should find the same high joy in the friendship of Christ that he himself knew.

Greenville is a cotton mill center. There are fourteen

or fifteen large mills in the outskirts of the city. On a visit to the Union Bleachery Mill, John was so impressed with the religious needs of the mill village that he subsequently organized a Sunday School there and himself taught one of the classes. Six of the forty girls in his class were converted, and since that time, as an outgrowth of that Sunday School, a church has been organized. Besides this service he frequently visited the county jail with a deputation from the college Y. M. C. A., holding meetings there on Sunday afternoons, giving literature to the prisoners and conversing with them personally.

He once remarked of a man who had become a missionary:

"He did not do anything for missions while he was in school in America. I wonder how he can do any good on the foreign field."

John set himself to his endeavors so that this should not be said of him. He had a prayer list of friends whom he sought to influence to volunteer for foreign missionary service. It would be difficult to calculate the number of those who had the opportunities for service in lands across the sea first brought to their attention by John Anderson, in a word or the gift of a pamphlet or a book. There are many who have borne testimony to this influence, as, for instance, a college-mate who went subsequently to South America as a missionary.

"John made a deeper impression upon me than any other young man that I ever met. I remember that while at Furman, he had me on his prayer list, asking

DR. ANDERSON IN HIS HOSPITAL UNIFORM

that God would send me to the foreign field. He arranged conferences for me with Student Volunteer Secretaries. I remember especially one he arranged with Dr. Truett which helped me greatly to surrender my life for foreign service."

John was a member of deputation teams which went from the Volunteer Band into the surrounding churches to speak on Africa or China or Japan or some phase of missionary enterprise. Though not an easy speaker he never failed to impress by his earnestness and enthusiasm. Most of all did his friendliness and sunny smile attract people to the cause he represented. As one said:

"He was not a very fine speaker, but he lived his religion more than he spoke it."

At the summer Student Conference of the Y. M. C. A. at Montreat, N. C., in 1908, John was one of a group of five who met together and laid plans for the organization of the Student Volunteers of the South Carolina colleges into a State Volunteer Union, with the object of increasing the missionary interest of the college students. The first meeting of this Union was held in Columbia in the spring of 1909 with only a very few delegates in attendance. In the spring of 1910, John was the principal factor in arranging for a meeting in Greenville. There were about forty delegates from the different colleges present and they had a good conference. John McEachern, now a missionary in Korea, was elected President for the ensuing year and John Anderson, Secretary and Treasurer, and together they perfected the organization and got the

Union on its feet. The next year the number of delegates was doubled and there was a strong group of missionary leaders present. The expenses of the organization had been advanced by the officers, but that was cleared up and since that time the Union has held regular annual meetings and exerted an increasingly important influence in the South Carolina colleges. What is now the regularly published Bulletin of the Union was once brought out by John Anderson monthly on a mimeograph and mailed by him to the members of the Union. It took a good deal of time in connection with his other college activities, but he never seemed to tire of doing this service. He had the help of a few others in this work, but his was the principal responsibility.

In the winter of 1909-10 he was chosen as one of three men to represent the college at the Quadrennial Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester, N. Y. There were nearly four thousand delegates from the colleges of Canada and the United States who met for five days in the great Convention Hall. In that throng there was no one who responded more wholeheartedly than John Anderson to the appeals of the representatives of the mission lands of the earth, the Chinese, the men of India, the Africans, the foreign missionaries and the secretaries of the mission boards. The white harvest fields spread out before his eyes by these speakers confirmed in him his purpose to help answer the prayers for more laborers by the offering of his own life. And when he had returned to the college again after those high days, for months he was

handing on to his fellow students and to church congregations near at hand, the visions and inspirations that came to him in the convention.

There is a revelation of what was behind this fullness of life and abandon of service, in one or two of his home letters at this time. A letter dated April 15, 1910, contains the following:

I believe more and more in giving the first half hour of every day to God in prayer. If you do this you will have something to think on during the day. You will have God with you that day to help you battle with the evils of that day. At night you are tired and sleepy and do not remember anything you have read in your Bible. You need the protection of God through the night, but the devil does most of his work in your life through the day through men with whom you come in contact.

In another letter of the same year he wrote:

I believe more and more in prayer. You can get what you pray for if you are in earnest and if the request is best for you. Prayer is the greatest instrument in the hands of living men. It is the greatest lever there is. You cannot get a lever long enough or with the right purchase to turn the world over, but prayer is able to turn it over. The person who is the sincerest Christian is the man of prayer. He is the man who can go out alone and talk to God aloud, feeling that he is within a few feet of Him.

Again:

One's motto should be: Better to-day than yesterday. It is not expected that every one shall be a great man or a great woman, but it is expected that they shall be better to-day than yesterday.

To many of his fellow students, the most remarkable characteristic of John Anderson was his genuine humility. There was nothing of Uriah Heep in his self-depreciation and desire to keep himself in the background. He was invariably out of sight when the time came to give credit to those who had shared in some enterprise. If he was caught in the limelight, he would blush like a girl, and pass off any compliment with "Oh, shucks!" As a friend has remarked:

"I have never known a person who had a greater abhorrence of doing good to be seen of men."

# CHAPTER IV: BEGINNING THE STUDY OF MEDICINE

## CHAPTER IV

### BEGINNING THE STUDY OF MEDICINE

History, languages, the classics, never seemed to interest John Anderson, and as a consequence his college record in these studies did not secure for him his Arts degree at Furman. But he became a new man when he entered the medical class at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, in the fall of 1910. It was like the ball of the femur falling into its socket after a dislocation. Instead of dreading to pick up a book as before, now it was early and late to the study of anatomy, physiology, histology and the rest. Dissection was his fascination. The point of interest and attention having been touched, examination marks leaped away up. At times he led the class. He had found his groove at last.

His love for the study of medicine and the more stringent demand on his time made by these studies, did not lessen his interest in the Christian activities of the college. He was preparing to be a missionary as well as a physician and his concern was that his life should count for his Master in school as well as later in China. Wake Forest College had then about four hundred students. Of these, perhaps fifty were in the medical department, which gives the first two years of

the regular course for the M. D. degree. The College Y. M. C. A. the year he entered was going along at a poor dying rate. Almost the only individuals who attended the weekly meetings were those who were expecting to be ministers, and the other students left them and their prayer-meetings severely alone. Like many churches it was a calm and sure retreat for the pious, not an organization directed toward the elevating and purifying of the campus life. If there was one thing that made John impatient it was the type of Christian who thinks himself too good to be contaminated by association with "worldly men." "He that saveth his life, loseth it"—was a vital word to him. The situation challenged him to action. He went out and played on the scrub football team for the sake of the influence it would give him with the fellows, though he often remarked that it was hard to take the time and the bruises to do it. The "publicans and sinners" liked him. He never compromised with their sin, however. And they respected him for his convictions. It was not long before he had been elected to the cabinet of the Y. M. C. A. and with his hands on the weekly program, he soon had men coming to the meetings who formerly would not touch the door with a ten-foot pole. Live speakers from nearby cities were invited to address the men instead of depending on a few ministerial students to "lead the devotions."

In the spring of that session, John took a large part in organizing a mission study canvass of the college which enrolled about half of the students in the study

of "Negro Life in the South." He led a class himself in which some of the roughest men in school were members. It was a joke among those who knew the crowd that a crap game had to be broken up every Sunday night when they were rounded up for the class meeting. In a letter he speaks of this class:

I am leading a mission study class here in a book entitled "Negro Life in the South." It is fine. This morning before Sunday School I went out to see if I could find the preacher of one of the Negro churches to get his permission to carry my class to hear him to-night. He said, "Yes," in a real kind of way. I told him why we wanted to come, of our duty to help the darkies, for we are alike in that we have the same God, are made alike in every way except that their skin is pigmented, which makes them black. I went to one home and asked for this preacher and the boy said that he was about a mile away in a certain direction at a certain house. I asked the boy to go with me and show me the place. I believe that boy is better than the average white one. He is twelve years old, in the eighth grade, has been a Christian for four years, reads his Bible every morning, is an humble fellow. His ambition is to be a school teacher for the good he can do and not for the money he can make. I found out many other things of interest about him. This is the most interesting study I ever was in.

Later he wrote:

I carried my mission study class to the colored Presbyterian Church last Sunday night for the service there. We were all surprised by the good worship they had. We came away feeling that the darkies are not so far behind as we think they are. We are going to take a religious census of this place and we think we shall get some interesting information.

There was no Student Volunteer Band in the college, but before half the year had passed John had found two or three others who were looking forward to missionary service who agreed to meet Sunday afternoons in his room, and before the end of the year there was a band of eight or ten men gathered together. Until the spring meeting of the South Carolina Volunteer Union, he held the office of Secretary, and prepared the monthly news letter as he had done in Furman. He brought his typewriter and mimeograph with him to Wake Forest and most of his spare moments were spent in using them. His correspondence was voluminous. The South Carolina Union conference which was held at Rock Hill in Winthrop College that spring was largely of his planning. He helped secure the speakers, made arrangements for registration and so on. He had a genius for organization and a great capacity for detail.

John was always driving for definite results. In a letter to his mother after the Rock Hill conference this is illustrated. He had been very anxious for one of his sisters to attend the meeting and she finally agreed to go. He writes:

I hope Lois will tell you about the conference at Rock Hill. Ask her some of the following questions. How did she like Winthrop? The dining-room? The music at the conference? The best songs she heard? The exhibit? Mr. Turner and the other speakers? How did she like the delegates who attended? Have her tell you about a number of addresses. Have her tell you the most interesting thing she saw on the trip. What were the things that impressed her most? Ask her if she were to sum it all up, what would she

say was the message for her life? I suppose you see that I am after getting her to tell you all about it.

Relieved of his responsibility in the South Carolina Union on returning to Wake Forest after the conference he wrote:

I will bring all my marks up now that I am done with the South Carolina Volunteer Union. I am not sorry, though, for what I have done for the Union, but now that it is on its feet it ought to go forward.

Though he had something like fifteen hours of recitations and twenty-three hours of laboratory a week, it was not long before the fact that North Carolina had no Volunteer Union at work for foreign missions in the colleges, was on his mind. The first step was the organization of the Wake County Union which included the schools near Raleigh. One or two meetings were held in the spring of 1911, and the next year a State Union was launched. All these things were done as a new student in his first year at Wake Forest.

In his second year, John organized a mission study class of his fellow medical students and led it himself. He had asked permission to start the class of the dean of medicine who had replied:

"You'll be a good one if you get those fellows into a mission study class, but go to it."

Let one of his own letters tell the story.

I dislike to write a letter of the nature of this one for it seems selfish. I trust that you will not look at it in that way, for I desire that it be read in the spirit that God can use

men for spreading His message. I do not know of a year that God has done more for me or used me more in helping those that I associate with. He has been more real to me this session than ever before.

This session began with everything going wrong and it looked like the Christian work and the Christian spirit at this place was on the decline. Everything seemed to go wrong and we could not reach those that we desired to touch. During the summer we made a number of plans as to the Y. M. C. A. work to be started here at the beginning of the session. Most of these plans were thrown aside as the fellows one after another would fall down on their jobs. I had worked with the faculty in the summer in regard to the North Carolina Bible Institute coming to Wake Forest, as it is eight years old and had never met at this place. The faculty said that the Institute could come if I would stand good for the entertainment of one hundred men. We needed that many delegates in order to get Drs. Weatherford and Cooper to attend. I undertook to arrange for the entertainment and last week we had the Institute. One hundred and five delegates came in on Thursday and stayed over Sunday. On Monday and Tuesday Mr. Cooper stayed over to speak to the college. The professors say that we had the best evangelistic meetings that the college has ever had and that the spirit is better than it has ever been. Many of the fellows confessed to cheating, smoking, betting, gambling, cursing, not studying the Bible, winning debates through taking unfair advantages, and so on, and over two hundred agreed to study the Bible daily.

I should have said something about the work that we are trying to do in mission study. Last spring we had over two hundred men enrolled in mission study and this year after the canvass was made we had only a little over ninety. It fell to my lot to take a class of medical students of my own medical year. There are fourteen of us, all swear but one, some gamble, all use tobacco but one, three are not mem-

bers of the church, and the others are not living as they should. It was a hard task to think of trying to get these fellows into a mission study class when you are thrown with them every day and they josh you about not cursing, not using tobacco, several of them saying that they were going to put me out and make me stop medicine. God does not want a man to undertake a task that is easy, but He wants him to be dependent on Him for help. With Him as my helper I attempted to line up these men in this work. It was hard to begin and I put it off for several days, but I did begin and I approached every man in the class personally about the matter. Every one agreed with me heartily and seemed to be very willing to go into such a study. The last man that I approached was about as rough as any in the class. After I placed the matter before him he said: "Well, John, you know that I am not a Christian nor living the life that I should, but if there is any good in it, I want to help you out."

The class has had four meetings and only four men have been absent, three from neglect and one from sickness. We have been having good meetings, every man taking part in the discussion and I have never been in a mission study class of any kind where there was more interest. Those fellows have been thinking about their lives and one of them who is not a Christian has said that he is going to try and live a better life. Oh, how I long for these fellows to be brought into the personal friendship of Jesus. This is my prayer, that every man in this class will become a Christian and live as a Christian each day. Some of the men in this class have begun daily Bible study.

At the close of the evangelistic services spoken of above, Mr. Cooper helped us set up a plan to get every man who is not in Sunday School into Bible study. There are about one hundred and twenty who do not attend Sunday School, the toughest fellows in the place. Every man I have asked to join me in this study has agreed, and the Dean says that

I have the worst bunch. I have sixteen to solicit and five of them are away on a football trip. I have asked over half of them already. Two fellows told me that if I wanted to get those fellows I would have to get a keg of beer or something stronger to get them there. How I need your prayers to help me in this work. I have two of the worst fellows in this school, so considered by many, but I do not think so for they have big hearts. Both of these fellows are trying to live a better life. I have been interested in one of these men ever since I came here and used to say, as I had to eat at the table beside him when I first came, that I could hardly stand him, he was so wicked and filthy. I stuck to him, however, and in a talk with him last week just before the meetings, he said two things that were of especial interest to me. He said that he was not satisfied with the kind of life he was living and that he did not have any friends. There were two fellows that he considered his friends, some one else and me. No one can tell how much good it did me to hear him say this. He had two talks with Mr. Cooper and he is on his feet, and has not said anything out of the way nor done anything which he should not this week. He is trying to live a Christian life. He said Tuesday night that he was considered the meanest, filthiest, dirtiest fellow in school and that he knew that he was, but with the help of God he was going to try and live a straight life from now on.

Please let me drop out of this letter and give God all the credit. My heart's desire is expressed in the following, whatever the cost that must be paid:

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content:
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament:
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—

But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men pass by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who faint with strife:
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both part of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

How I do yearn to be of service, an humble unselfish servant to my fellow students and every one with whom I come in contact. No greater thing can you do for me than to pray for me. My prayer is for you and may our prayers be united in a petition that God will take our selfish lives and use them each day as He sees best, making us willing to let Him come in and take full possession of us each moment.

One of John's most prized possessions was a watch fob which he wore always, a silver skull and crossbones, presented to him by the members of that medical mission study class when the year was over, in appreciation of what he had done for them.

Let no one think that John Anderson's fidelity to his Master meant the living of a restricted and narrow life in college. Although he was only at Wake Forest for two years, he was elected student manager of athletics by the Alumni Athletic Association. He was full of fun and fond of practical jokes. He knew how to take the good-natured jibes of his fellows with a smile when they called him "the preacher-medico"—and he kept right on with his work for Christ. He knew how to have a good time with the fellows, but he never lowered his standards to do it.

At the close of the college year he wrote:

The last three examinations were awfully hard. I do not like to claim any praise if there be any for not studying on Sunday. But out of thirty medical students I was the only one who did not study yesterday. There was only one other who attended any form of service yesterday and he attended only in the morning. I had rather flunk than do that. I do not believe they gain anything by studying on Sunday. I suppose that three-fourths of the boys here study on that day.

Other letters written from time to time during these two years have extracts worth quoting:

I am sorry to know that Mamma is sick and I hope she will soon be up. She ought to get out some, for it is enough to make any one sick to stay at home all the time. I went to Raleigh to the fair some time ago for that reason and no other. I think that one should have a rest from everything or a change from the old things, except religion which you can carry with you. Dr. Brown says that a person need never have a vacation from religion.

DR. AND MRS. ANDERSON AND THEIR SON IN YANG CHOW

ON THE WAY TO HWANGHSIEN

Dr. Anderson carrying his Chinese teacher across a river ford on the way overland in Shantung. This journey of 80 miles from Chefoo to Hwanghsien was undertaken in order to serve in a difficult case when there was no foreign doctor to attend a missionary mother.

It is too bad about H——. I was just reading for a few moments as I came from dinner after being in the laboratory all the morning. I picked up a book just come which is the life of Z. S. Loftis who went out as a missionary doctor and only lived one year. He entered a field that no missionary had ever been in and he was there only a few days. His last two descriptions were of patients which he had, two dying without any hope whatever. It is awful to think that H—— has passed away in a Christian home and community without any hope of the life eternal. One life is as much value in the sight of God as another, but how it grieves us when we think of friends dying without hope. But what do we think when we know of millions dying in non-Christian lands in the same way every day? This is the thought that grips me so at times that I think that I had rather have my life multiplied a number of times than to have anything else that any one could desire.

John had a way of helping around the kitchen and with the housework when he was home for vacation visits. He lightened the work of his mother and sisters by assisting in the cooking, in serving the table, and in the backyard chores. Returning to college after the Christmas holidays he writes:

I tried to make Christmas a rest for myself and to serve you all the balance of my time. I am sorry that I did not do more to make others enjoy the occasion. I like to look at Christmas as a time of real pleasure. I like to look at it as a time for being drawn closer to God and making Jesus a closer, dearer friend. I like to look at Christmas as Mrs. Taylor did once in China. Her prayer and work was to present Jesus and His love to many. She tried to make Jesus her gift to others and eleven accepted Him that day. From now on I hope to be of service to others at this time.

In writing to one of his sisters on her engagement he says:

> Yes, F—— is as solid or true a man, I should say, as could be found anywhere. I have more confidence in him than in myself. I have seen bigger sports, fellows that I thought could make more money, having more "brass," but that does not count in my valuation of a man. He is a Christian in the truest sense.

How often the excuse is met by those who are trying to enlist their fellows in some active Christian service —"I have no time to spare." And how shallow and feeble such an excuse appears in the light of a life like this.

# CHAPTER V: THE FIRST YEAR IN KENTUCKY

## CHAPTER V

### THE FIRST YEAR IN KENTUCKY

THE well digging business of W. A. Anderson & Son was carried on while John was in college by a man from Pennsylvania who was engaged to run the machine. The actual management of the business was done by John Anderson through correspondence with this man from Wake Forest. The man had to be "jacked up" every now and then as he did not feel his responsibility as keenly as he might have done. Contracts had to be straightened out and collections made. Many a day John's typewriter clicked as he cared for these affairs. This work was done in addition to the activities catalogued in the last chapter. The summer after graduating from Wake Forest with a B. S. degree John spent in Georgia again, drilling wells. A medical education is expensive and money had to be secured to further prosecute those studies. Writing to a college mate about the middle of the summer, he says:

This has been a busy summer with me and I have had very little time to myself. I had a good time yesterday in this little place by myself and with Him. It was the best Sunday I have spent in some time. What have you been doing for yourself? What have you been doing for others? Did you know that there were only two fellows at the sum-

mer conference from Wake Forest? I am sorry that it was this way. You have decided to go back to Wake Forest next fall, have you not? Well, you all must do things there in a spiritual way. I have often thought of what you all will do next year and have built air castles for you. Do not let them fail, but build to them. I would be glad to hear from you as to your plans and what you have done. My work this summer has not been what I would like it to have been as I have been occupied more with material than with spiritual matters. But I have made a number of talks and led Sunday School classes. I have not fully decided where I will go next year as I want to get to a place where the spiritual atmosphere is as good as it can be in a medical school—even at that it will be low.

"What have you been doing for others?" is his question to his friend. It was always on his heart. The thought of a poem that he enclosed in one of his letters from Georgia, he came as near embodying in his life as any man that many of us have ever known.

"Lord, help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—Others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you,
Must needs be done for—Others.

Let 'self' be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—Others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in Heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—Others.

Others, Lord, yes, others;
Let this my motto be:
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee."

For the reasons mentioned above, John decided before the summer was over to go to the University of Louisville for his last two years of medicine, as it would be possible to have association with the students of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, where several of his friends were studying. For a time, when he first came to Louisville, he lived in the Seminary dormitory, a procedure quite out of the ordinary for a medical student. He attended the chapel services and special lectures as often as possible, though he did not have much time with a schedule that kept him at the Medical School from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. every day, with an hour off for lunch and Saturday afternoon free.

It was not long before he was doing those kindly services for men in the Seminary which were typical of his life everywhere; waiting on table to substitute for one who was absent, nursing students who were ill, setting a shoulder dislocated in the gymnasium, and so on. One of his friends was taken sick with a bad case of tonsilitis and he came over from the medical school between classes—it was four or five blocks away

—to give him medicine and nourishment. He once told one of the Seminary men that he had counted his steps from the Medical School to the Seminary so that he would know the shortest route to come when he wanted to save seconds. He wrote in a letter:

> One night I was called three times and one time I had to go to a drug store four blocks away at three A. M. for some medicine. There is nothing like getting used to being awakened any time in the night.

This service was all, of course, gratuitous, and this was only his third year in medicine. His letters home at this time are full of advice for sick friends and neighbors in Woodruff. He was interested in all his home community ills.

On Sunday afternoons John went with two or three of the Seminary students for a twenty-minute street car ride and a two-mile walk from the end of the car line, to teach in a Sunday School which was held in a public school house in a religiously neglected community. Most of the attendants were young people and only a few of them were Christians. They had a missionary rally in the spring of that year with one hundred and one present and a collection for missions of $52.75.

John Anderson could not be satisfied to nourish himself on the spiritual food the Seminary provided and disregard the needs of the Medical School he was attending. The moral conditions there distressed his soul. There was no religious organization in the school and beyond the seven or eight men who at-

tended a Bible class in the city Y. M. C. A. there were none who seemed concerned about Christian living. There was drinking and gambling and immorality unabashed. The year before, the State Student Secretary had conferred with the most interested students about the organization of a Student Y. M. C. A. but they had declared it to be impossible. One would hardly call it a promising situation. But John was "just fool enough to think that he could do the impossible," and he did it. He began by finding out the few men who attended church services, cultivating them, talking to them about their obligation to do something to better the moral tone of the school, drawing them together into an inner circle, that they might stand by him in the attempted transformation. It was not until May that he had worked up enough interest to feel justified in calling a meeting for the organization of the Association. It was organized with twenty-seven members and the number had doubled in two weeks. They were strong enough by the end of the session to send five delegates to the Student Christian Conference at Blue Ridge, North Carolina. Before the organization meeting, however, some religious meetings had been held in the school. A letter dated March 22, 1913, reads:

The first meeting of any religious nature for a number of years was held at the Medical School after the seven to eight class on Wednesday night. We did not do much advertising, but gave much time to prayer and personal work and instead of twenty or thirty being there as we expected, we had sixty odd. These fellows gave attention

to the speaker better than they have to any surgeon or practitioner that we have had this year. I believe that God will use some of us to bring about a change in that place. We have before us some plans and are also doing some definite praying. Mk. 11:32—Jesus said: "Have faith in God," and it does seem that we should have faith when He has done so much for us and we have been able to see what He has done for so many people.

In this same letter he copies from his note book some sentences that he had put down while attending the Kentucky State Y. M. C. A. training conference at Lexington.

Are our lives surrounded by so many things that we cannot see God?

Every Christian student should set standards, set an example of practical faith, set his college atmosphere right, set great ideals for life service.

To conquer the world for Christ, we must first conquer self.

Inactive lives are like a pool with no outlet which becomes stagnant.

Pray without ceasing.

Two necessities for the successful missionary. (Why not any Christian?—John adds.) Simple Obedience and Faithful Tenacity.

An associate of those days has written of him:

John was not unusual as a personal worker in winning definite decisions, but he was constantly seeking contacts with men who were morally weak, and his life with his radiantly clean mind and unselfish spirit exercised a profound influence. During the time that I knew him I never heard him utter a word that would indicate the harboring of any

unclean thing in his mind. He gave me the impression of being transparently pure. His face was as open and frank as a child's and there was a kind of radiance in his smile that was a revelation of the Christ spirit within. I have seen him often when it could be truly said—"His face shone."

There was a single Chinese student in the Medical School. He was a retiring kind of a chap and for the most part was ignored by his fellow students. Thousands of miles away from his ancestral home, no one knew how lonely he was, for a true Chinese never lets his feelings be known. He seemed to have plenty of money, but he was without friends. Should a man who was proposing to be a missionary in China neglect an opportunity to serve a Chinese who was at his door?

Early in the year John wrote:

We have a Chinese here in the Sophomore Class who is an extra smart fellow. He is not a Christian, but we are trying to bring him across. He is a nobleman's son and it will mean much to his people for him to go back as a Christian. He has only been in this country a little over two years. He has no Christian home to be in and has to live in a boarding house. At the Medical School the atmosphere is not what it should be anyway. He knows some of the missionaries in China. If I could win him to Christ, he would be worth two or more of my lives in Christianizing China.

John simply set himself to be a friend to this young Chinese, whose name was Kuei Chow. He invited him to dinner, visited him in his room, took him out to lectures and to church and Sunday School. Chow, though nominally a Confucianist, was practically without religion of any kind when John began associating

with him. But he could not resist the genial warmth of the friendship which was offered to him. John had him out to his country Sunday School to give a talk on China. In the course of that talk Chow said:

"I am not a Christian, but I believe that Christianity is the true religion, and I want to know more about it."

John used to get his Seminary friends together, going from room to room, to pray for Chow's conversion.

If Kuei Chow could be persuaded to go to Blue Ridge, North Carolina, and have touch with the fine type of Christian living found there, and be thrown with several hundred aggressive Christian students in Bible study and recreation for the ten days of the Student Y. M. C. A. conference, surely he would give his heart to Christ. So thought John and so he planned. Before the year was up he had Chow's promise to attend, and in order to make sure that he would not change his mind between the close of school and the time of the conference, he invited him to go home with him to South Carolina for a two weeks' visit. There Chow had the new experience of being in a true Christian home. John and Chow talked often of the meaning of the Christian life, but there was no attempt to force any decision. Then together they went up into the mountains for the student conference. John saw to it that Chow was enrolled in a class in Christian fundamentals. But in the midst of the week Chow said that he had to leave for New York to meet some Chinese friends with whom he had an engagement. John felt that it would be fatal to all that he

had planned if Chow were not to stay through the whole time. He brought him to one of the Student Secretaries and together they talked it over. Chow finally agreed to send a telegram canceling the engagement, and two days later this young Chinese student voluntarily came to John to declare his purpose to become a Christian and ask to be baptized.

Kuei Chow wanted to confess Christ then and there before the conference and so it was arranged to hold the baptismal service late Saturday afternoon. There was no baptistry, but John put on some old clothes and secured a wheelbarrow and with two or three others worked several hours that afternoon damming up the stream which runs by R. E. Lee Hall. It was one of the happiest services he ever rendered and he wrought with a heart on fire. What an impressive scene that baptism was! In the cool of the afternoon the crowd gathered on the slopes about the pool. Dr. A. T. Robertson, the great Greek scholar, read the Scripture. Mr. W. B. Pettus of China asked the candidate in Chinese whether he would hold true to his confession if on returning to China he were to be subjected to persecution. And Dr. E. M. Poteat, then President of Furman University, led Kuei Chow into the pool to bury him solemnly in the watery grave from whence he rose dedicated to the new life in Christ.

On the train going down from that conference, John Anderson turned to a friend and said:

I went to that conference with a three-fold purpose: to see Kuei Chow become a Christian; to get a delegation

from the Medical School there and get them lined up with plans for the next year; and to gain power and inspiration for my own life and tasks. All three things have been accomplished.

Turn back a few years in this story and Kuei Chow, a grandson of one of the great Viceroys of the Chinese Empire, is a boy in China. His family is one of the wealthiest in the city of Yang Chow. The doctors in the mission hospital have served them in times of sickness and are on very friendly terms with them, though no one in the family is interested in the Christian religion. Kuei Chow conceives the idea of going to America to study medicine, perhaps because of what he has seen those Christian physicians do. When finally he sails for the West, the prayers of Dr. R. V. Taylor go with him, asking the Father God to bring him into such relationships in that new atmosphere in America as will help him to understand the meaning of the Gospel and bring him into discipleship to Christ. In the providence of God, unknown to Dr. Taylor, Kuei Chow and John Anderson came to the same medical school and John Anderson, the friend of Dr. Taylor and later his associate, was the answer to his prayers for this Chinese boy.

The year after John Anderson graduated at Louisville, Dr. R. V. Taylor's older brother, traveling while on furlough for the Student Volunteer Movement, visited the University of Louisville and saw Kuei Chow. He asked him why he had become a Christian. Chow's reply was:

"I saw that it worked in the life of John Anderson."

# CHAPTER VI: THE LAST YEAR IN THE UNIVERSITY

## CHAPTER VI

### THE LAST YEAR IN THE UNIVERSITY

It is sometimes complained that college men and women who are more or less active in their Student Christian Associations, when they return to their home communities do not enter heartily into the religious work of their home churches and fail to share in services for which their training has peculiarly fitted them. Such a criticism would hardly apply to the one of whom we have been writing. Note this letter:

You do not know what a busy man I have been this summer. I had a Chinese with me the first of the summer for something over two weeks. Then I went to the conference where I saw him confess Christ. I came home and tried to install some mission study classes in the church. I got some sixty odd to do this, but some dropped out. A mission Sunday School was started at one of the mills the Sunday before I came home and since I arrived I have been acting as Superintendent and teaching a class of girls. In my home church I have been teaching the Philathea Class (Young Women) all summer. I have had to make a number of talks, etc. I have been practicing with a physician and working in a drug store at intervals, besides many other things. This has been a glorious summer with me.

This mill Sunday School later developed into a church which John's father has served as pastor ever

since. Of the way John prayed for his father and encouraged him in that responsibility, when there were so many difficulties and discouragements, his father never ceases the telling.

John returned to Louisville at the beginning of his Senior year a week or so before school opened in order to set up the work of the Y. M. C. A. He had written to several of the men to meet him and help in arranging a Y. M. C. A. reception for the incoming students in the City Y. M. C. A. building, where John said there would be less danger from hazing for the Freshmen than in the Medical School buildings. The planning included medical Bible classes in two of the city churches as well as the week night medical Bible class in the City Y. M. C. A. This latter class was boosted from an attendance of a half dozen men to forty or fifty and at times to an even hundred.

The deepest concern of his heart lay in Foreign Missions. Nothing seemed more important to him than the bringing of light and healing to those nations which had been denied them so long. With one doctor to every two or three hundred population in America contrasted with one doctor for approximately two million population in the non-Christian world, he was sure that the people across the seas had not had their share in the ministry of Christ. As in South and North Carolina, so in Kentucky John took an important part in the work of the State Volunteer Union. In all three states, he acted as Secretary and Treasurer of these organizations. One who was associated with him in the Kentucky Union writes:

Except for John Anderson, the State Union of Volunteers for Foreign Missions in Kentucky would never have been more than a mediocre affair. He came into it after the first year and was elected Secretary-Treasurer. The service that he rendered during the next two years in a purely voluntary way was astonishing. How he found time for all he was doing at this time I still do not know. He was continually writing to the Volunteer Bands of the state, often two or three letters before he could get a response. He got out the monthly news letter, paying the printer's bills himself because there was no money in the treasury and he felt it would hurt the Union to press members for dues just then. I could never be quite sure that he was ever fully reimbursed for these amounts. At special times he visited Bands in person at his own expense, to stir them into action. And this he did in spite of the fact that he was not a good letter writer nor a good speaker. His English was often ungrammatical, but he kept writing and kept speaking and the results came. During the five months following the Kansas City Convention there were fifty-one Kentucky students who became Student Volunteers, an astonishing number out of some three thousand students of college rank in the state. While only a few of these were under John's direct influence, much of the credit for the total is due to his work through the State Volunteer Union and in securing large attendance at the Kansas City Convention. His mind was continually busy on the problems of the Union. He was forever thinking up some new way to wake up local Volunteers. No statement that he had done all that could be done ever satisfied him if the end had not been accomplished. How disgusted he used to become with the failure of students to make good their promises. If he accepted a responsibility himself, he carried it out. I never knew him to come back from a task with an excuse for not doing it. He didn't quit.

Several of John's own letters speak of this work:

I would be glad to get a list of the Volunteers at——, also what class they are in. We should do all we can to get them to continue their preparation and ever keep their purpose before them. You remember the statement that Dr. L—— made, that only twenty-two per cent of those who applied to the boards last year were rejected. But there are so many who do not apply and I believe that there are not over twenty or twenty-five per cent of those who sign the declaration card who ever reach the field. So I feel that the work of the Volunteer Bands and Unions is to instill into the lives of the present Student Volunteers the importance of the work they have before them, that they cannot afford to dally around, but must press onward with all the vigor and energy of their lives with the help of God.

In another letter he says:

I have not heard anything from any of the other bands. I wrote the leader of the ——— Band, but I have not heard from him. I have written two letters to B——, but have not heard a word. This does not feaze me, for I believe in the work. It makes me the more anxious to do it for I see more clearly the need of it.

As to his own school he writes:

I am trying to get a Band here at the Medical School. One man and his wife have signed the card since I came here and there are two others who are willing to go. Another fellow whom I go with more than any of the others who live here should go if I am capable of judging.

Before he left Louisville there were eight or ten in the school who had declared their purposes, God permitting, to be foreign missionaries, and since that time several have already gone to their fields of service.

The couple mentioned above are in a hospital in Canton.

The quadrennial convention of the Student Volunteer Movement was scheduled for the last of December of this year. John had been to the previous convention at Rochester, N. Y., and knew the tremendous spiritual power of the meetings. Early securing for himself the assurance that he might go to this 1913-14 convention, he began to emphasize the importance of this opportunity in his work with the Volunteer Union. He wrote to a student in Wake Forest:

> Say, old boy, I think that you have one of the greatest opportunities before you that you have ever had and that is in getting a large delegation to Kansas City. Wake Forest College was not represented at the last convention at Rochester. This is to be the greatest of any that has ever been held, in numbers and in quality. I think that you would not find it a loss of time to see that every college is represented by one or two delegates at least. We are only entitled to three from the Medical School and I know of five now who will go if they can. Pray about this matter and form groups of men to meet from time to time to pray about this convention. Read some of the articles in the report of the Rochester Convention and you will work up some real enthusiasm.

Then follow details of railroad schedules worked out to show the best route for the trip. These schedules were prepared with great detail and similar letters were mailed to many friends in several states. The railroad agent in Louisville granted him free passage to the convention for the help he gave in working up some special trains. L. M. Terrill, the President of the Ken-

tucky Union at that time, has told the story of this special service:

Early in 1913 John was keenly awake to the possibilities of the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City and began to stir some of us who had small realization then of its significance. He began getting under the skin of the Kentucky Volunteer Bands and as the time drew nearer began writing to friends all over the South, the two Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Virginia, trying to stir them to action in sending large delegations. When he first broached to me the plan of a special train it seemed too ambitious. Then he expanded it still further. Why not special trains to take all the students from the Southern States? He worked out places, junction points and schedules with minute detail. He was a master at this sort of thing, anticipating every contingency. As it turned out later, it was best for the Mississippi and Tennessee students to go through Nashville, but the special train plan worked. Special cars from the other states were assembled in Louisville into a special train of two sections. This left most of the students a half day or more in Louisville. This too John had anticipated. There was a luncheon at the Y. M. C. A. building, then a choice of six personally conducted expeditions through the city, carefully worked out in advance and gone over so that the time involved was definitely known—then a big dinner at night with talks that prepared heart and mind for the great convention. I doubt if there were any other students so expectant and prepared as they came to Kansas City.

A few days before the convention, John and I got together to work out suggestions for the delegates—the things that would help make the convention mean most, together with final transportation instructions. One of the instructions was "Go to bed early. Get as much rest as possible." When we got through he pointed to this item, then looked at his watch and laughed. It was 3:00 A. M. He never

thought of himself when there was a chance to serve. On the return trip from Kansas City we had another all-night vigil together. The party was dead tired and it was midnight or later before we got on the special train. The single conductor had an almost impossible job of getting the tickets of that packed train, without keeping the folks up all night. So John started in and I followed taking tickets. After that they had to be checked up which took longer still and when the job was finished it was five o'clock in the morning. John was up in a little more than an hour wiring to St. Louis for breakfast and boxes of lunch. Later in the day when every one was all in, he brightened things up again by going through the train with a box of big red apples, one for each. He had bought them himself.

The only unpleasant experience of the trip was on the way out. A Chinese student, not a Christian, made endless complaint of his arrangements. John changed his berth twice, but still he was not satisfied. Kuei Chow, who was on the trip, even offered to give up his berth to him. John remarked afterward that it was a fine testimony to the effectiveness of the Christian life that of all that trainload—crowded and inconvenienced every one—the only one to complain or criticize was the one man in the crowd who was not a Christian.

All these various and extensive services were entirely a labor of love. John was not engaged by any agency or individual to do these things. He simply saw a need and went forward to meet it. There was nothing officious in any of it either. Many of those who benefited by the well-planned arrangements for their comfort and enjoyment probably never knew to whom they were indebted. He was exceedingly anxious to have one of his sisters go to the convention and wrote home some time before saying:

I had rather for her to go to Kansas City than to college this spring. I will borrow the money and pay her way if that will be satisfactory.

And shortly before the trip itself he wrote:

This Christmas will be different in many respects to those that I have spent in the past and I am trusting that it will be a time in which I will be able to deepen my spiritual life in a way that I have never been able to before. Most of next week will be spent in my room trying to prepare myself in every way to get the most out of the Kansas City Convention. I feel that it is a great opportunity that has been given me to attend this convention and I feel that this will be a greater Christmas present than any one could give me. I know of a number of students who want to go and are not able, and still as large a number who are able to go, but who could not get into the meetings if they were to go. God has given me this great privilege and has given me so many opportunities of a similar nature and I have not made use of them as I should. I surely want to make use of the one that is ahead of me.

One other incident in connection with the work of the Kentucky Union should be recorded. A young woman, Miss Carrie Reaves, a graduate of Winthrop College in South Carolina, who had been active in the South Carolina Volunteer Union, had come to the mountains of Kentucky to teach in a small mission school. It was her thought that such service would best prepare her for work as a missionary in China. With her were two other girls. They did their own housekeeping, bringing water from the spring and sometimes cutting their own firewood. The salary from which all expenses had to be paid was $20.00 a

month. John heard that she had come to Kentucky, but he did not know just where she was located. He wrote back to South Carolina for her address and then invited her to come to one of the Kentucky Union conferences. At that meeting she was elected Vice-President of the Union. It was not long thereafter that she was taken ill with typhoid fever. Isolated in the mountains there was no chance for proper medical attention. Her sickness became the immediate concern of John Anderson. He was far removed from the place, but he sent letters and telegrams and finally she was brought to a hospital in Lexington. He asked an interne there who was a friend of his to give him daily reports on her condition by telephone, and he drew together several of his friends who also knew her to intercede for her recovery. Somehow he felt that it could not be God's will that such a consecrated and useful one should be taken and he prayed with a faith that he felt could not be denied.

I have been spending much time in prayer for her——he wrote——and I believe that God will restore her to health. Have any of you all ever had a real answer to prayer? Have you prayed for a number of days for something and it has come to pass just as you prayed or God gave you more than you expected? Since I have been here this fall I have had a number of my prayers answered in just that way. In this past week I have had three direct answers to prayer. I have more faith in God to-day than I ever had before. It has been my plan for some time to write down what I want to pray for. I put the date down with this also. If God answers this I mark it out. If He does not answer this I put down beside it "lack of faith," and pray that God will

give me more faith and teach me how to pray. I do not put down everything that I desire, but I give each matter a prayerful consideration before I put it down.

But Miss Reaves did not recover and when word came that she was gone, John had some black days of doubt and questioning. His mind seemed to beat itself up against a blank wall. Why had not God given her back to her labors? When the world so much needed lives like hers, why had He let her die? Had not he been faithful and believing in his prayers for her? But it was not long before his old faith and simple trust returned, perhaps a bit chastened, but nevertheless just as real as ever in the belief that God does work in this world through prayer. And his understanding of prayer grew as he exercised himself therein. One of his favorite books which he kept constantly beside him and gave to many of his friends was Fosdick's "The Meaning of Prayer."

While at the Kansas City Convention, John was able to schedule with Mr. C. D. Hurrey of the Student Department of the Y. M. C. A. an engagement to come to the Medical School for some evangelistic meetings. Mr. Hurrey had been approached some time before, but had replied that his schedule was already full and that he could not possibly come. John had been bombarding him with letters and finally brought all his arguments to bear on him personally at Kansas City. He was convinced that Mr. Hurrey was the man to do the work and he would not take a refusal for his answer. Mr. Hurrey could not resist this kind of importunity and finally agreed to re-

arrange his dates and come. So far as known there had never been an evangelistic campaign in that school. When Mr. Hurrey came four meetings were held. They had been thoroughly advertised and there was a fine attendance. John brought Mr. Hurrey about a dozen of the "rough-necks" of the school for interviews, men who were openly dissipated, but in whom he had discovered qualities that led him to believe in them. Several of these made decisions for the Christian life and cleaned up. One was a brother of a prominent religious worker in another city. In the campaign there was no more interested worker than the young Chinese who had declared himself a Christian the summer before.

Gambling, drinking and dishonesty in examinations were the three prominent evils in the student body that John felt had no business there. He was no "holier-than-thou" reformer. He simply hated the things that spoiled the souls of men he loved. And even if he had to stand against such things alone, he did it, for he had no "yellow streak." One night in the amphitheater he had a meeting which was largely attended in which betting was discussed by a prominent speaker. As to drinking, he rallied around him some of the Seniors in a fight for a dry class banquet. The "wets" got the support of one of the professors who asked the men in his lecture one day if they were babies and had to still drink milk. But John won the fight fairly on the vote of the class and whiskey was not served on the banquet table. And before the close of his Senior year he had seen the Honor System largely

adopted to govern examinations. He believed that one and God were a majority in any crowd. Very few men ever actively antagonized him. They knew he stood for the things they ought to uphold. He did not excuse questionable practices for himself on the ground that it was necessary to do certain things in order to get in with the fellows. One of his fellow medical students who professed to be an atheist said of him one night in conversation:

"If there is one man in the world I believe in absolutely, it is John Anderson."

"And let us not be weary in well-doing," says the Apostle Paul. As if these manifold labors among his fellow students were not sufficient, he ran a Boys' Club in the slums of Louisville and had a Christmas party for them during the holidays; visited the City Hospital on Sundays with some friends, distributing flowers and holding religious services for the shut-ins; and answered charity calls among the poor of the city. On one occasion he found a family in the dead of winter living in rooms over a livery stable. The drunkard father had deserted them, and the mother, a bottle-washer, was out at work when he discovered the two children huddled together in the middle of the floor with what clothing they could wrap around them to keep them from freezing. There was no coal or bread in the house. John had groceries and coal sent to them and got a woman to look after the children. On a later visit, he found the father at home and prayed with him and got him to work. Writing

of Christmas, 1913, he says that he had several calls to visit the sick in the slums on that day.

Before the year was over new officers were elected in the Y. M. C. A. It was nearly time for him to leave the school and so he had been grooming some of the strongest of the men to take his place that the work might not fall down. They were the men he had persuaded to go to the Summer Conference, and some of them were Student Volunteers by then. Kuei Chow was made Chairman of the Mission Study Committee. John used to get them together in his room in the City Y. M. C. A. for prayer together. He had moved from the Seminary to the Association which was nearer the Medical School in order that it might be more convenient to have his fellow "medics" in his room. He was always trying to pour his zeal and enthusiasm into them. Perhaps the work has not gone on so well since those days, but he did his best to perpetuate it through these men whom he called into the service.

A letter of his contains the following:

A few days past I read the first three chapters of Mark looking for several things about Christ's life. Two of these things were popularity and opposition. I found that He met with opposition six times and had some indication of popularity eight times. I want to finish up the gospels this way. I want to read Paul's life looking for these things and others that I have on this list. I have met with opposition many times, in fact, about every time I start to do anything there is some opposition and yet if God is with me I pull through. Paul said: "I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me."

In another letter written near the close of the session he says:

> I came out O. K. on my exams. although I will not hear before the last of the week. I am not at all uneasy but that I got through and I did not have to do as many of the class did, who cheated their way through.

Unremitting and abundant service for his fellows had not meant the forfeiture of his medical degree, for he received his M. D. at the commencement, and a little later passed successfully the State Medical Board examinations of South Carolina and received his license to practice medicine.

# CHAPTER VII: A HOSPITAL INTERNE

## CHAPTER VII

### A HOSPITAL INTERNE

To be a first class physician, one had better stick to his science and leave preaching to the parson. To accomplish the best results in the profession it is hardly wise to be too much of a saint. This is a world of give and take and in the keen commercial competition of the day, too much idealism means failure. Be straight and fair, but don't do more than you are paid to do, and charge well for your services. Religion is good in its place, especially for women and children, but an excess of it is not good for a doctor. So say the worldly-wise.

But did John Anderson's absorbing interest in bringing in the Kingdom of God among men militate against his efficiency as a surgeon? Rather did it not enlarge his capacities and sympathies and make him the more skillful in his ministry to the sick? In his first year as an interne in the Good Samaritan Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, his unusual ability as a physician was manifested. In ten and a half months he gave two hundred and thirteen anesthetics and no one was lost on the operating table on account of the anesthetic. He assisted in eighty-one operations and operated thirty-seven times himself, and he averaged caring for

thirty emergency cases a month. There were two exceptionally serious cases for whose recovery he was entirely responsible. One, an obstetrical case, in which the woman was poisoned, was turned over to him by her physician with the remark that he had done all he could for her and the case was hopeless, but if John wanted to try his hand he could do so. Perhaps it was because the family was very poor that the doctor gave her up. At any rate, that did not count with John. He worked steadily for seven hours that night without a rest before he was rewarded by a flicker of the eyelids which indicated returning consciousness. The woman was finally restored to her grateful husband. The other, also a septic case, this time a man, was brought back from the grave after his own physician had pronounced him beyond hope, by John's devoted labors on his behalf. The man was discharged from the hospital some days thereafter, declaring that if it had not been for that young Dr. Anderson he would not have been alive that day.

In a letter John describes one of his days in the hospital:

> Saturday night I got up five times. On that night I had five emergencies before twelve o'clock and had to handle them by myself. I gave four anesthetics, one of them taking over an hour. I assisted in another operation. Had about twelve cases to come in besides the fifteen in the wards I had to look after. This is just a regular day. There are eighty or ninety more patients that I have to do laboratory work for, also go with their private physician as much as I can.

His special care was the little children in the wards. One little baby, a foundling, he nicknamed "Queen." She was his pet. He made it a practice to go through the wards to wish each patient a cheery good morning and some told how they noticed this special attention. There was no smile just like Dr. Anderson's, nor any one so good-natured. Of Thanksgiving day and Christmas John wrote in two letters home:

I was right busy Thanksgiving day, but I spent all the spare time in visiting the patients and seeing most every nurse and asking them what they had to be thankful for. I had some rich replies. Most of them were thankful they were living. Many did not know what to say, as possibly they had not thought about it. On the whole, most of them expressed their thanks in a selfish vein. One darky said that she was thankful she was living and would be more thankful if I would give her something to eat and let her sit up. It seemed to me that my whole thought was of the peace that I was thankful for; peace of mind, body and spirit in God's leadership.

I have enjoyed this Christmas even if I did have to be away from you all. Thursday night I did crave to be with you all and have some of the good times I have had at home. I could not, so I went to work and got up a Christmas tree for the children here in the hospital. Some little presents were sent in for them and we had the tree and decorations here. I fixed up some electric lights to light the tree. I got up a Santa Claus rig and marked all the presents. Got up at five and dressed, got the tree with all the bundles in a sack at my side and went into the children's ward. There were five in there. I went around and picked up three others and brought them in. There were several other children in the hospital, but they could not be moved. I gave out the

presents and chatted with all of them. After this I had enough apples to give each patient in the wards who could eat one, one apiece. I visited all the patients in the hospital that morning and wished them a Merry Christmas. I carried Baby Queen with me and she enjoyed it as much as any of the others. She appeared to be a little afraid at first, but as soon as I picked her up she began to pick at my eyes. Queen will be six months old to-morrow and only weighs twelve pounds. She is very, very bright, can play peep-eye, put out her hands to come to you, and notices everything that goes on. All seemed to enjoy the occasion. I could hardly keep back the tears while fixing the tree in wishing that I was at home and a child again.

One of his patients wrote some verses which she gave to him shortly after this Christmas. The form is rather crude, but the appreciation is genuine.

Here's to dear Dr. Anderson,
So pure and undefiled:
Most every time you see him
He's carrying a foundling child.

Then he comes with a smile so bewitching,
That he sets my nerves all twitching;
And my feelings are most distressing,
Until he is through with the surgical dressing.

Then he's gone again in a hurry,
Just as gentle and mild;
For he hasn't a single worry,
Except for a foundling child.

He's as nice as any brother,
He's kind to every one:
Oh! Happy must be the mother
That possesses such a son.

Oh Nurses, some of you catch him,
Just catch him if you can,
This wonderful piece of manhood,
This Dr. Anderson man.

Just never mind his shyness,
Just get his head in a twirl;
For the man who loves the foundling
Is the man for any girl.

His mother wrote to him in her concern lest he wear himself out in his care for the sick. John replied:

You asked me if I did not get tired seeing and living with the sick. I do not get tired, but it is quite a strain. I have seen some cases that I have worked so hard over and then they die. When I get alone at some other work I cannot keep back the tears, although I never saw them before coming to the hospital. I had a darky die that I wanted to see get well so bad. This, irregular hours, and other strain is what sometimes wearies me.

Sometimes it is stated that a physician should cultivate a kind of steely indifference in order to be at his best professionally. Certainly from the standpoint of the patient it is desirable that the doctor have the bigness of heart and sympathy that John Anderson had for the suffering. The sources of his sympathy were deep in his religious life. He wrote in one letter:

Each day as I go about I see so much being done for the physical body. Effort is made here and there to save this or that person's physical life. That is all well and good, but of what value is the physical life without the spiritual life being saved? My heart burns more and more each day for those who do not know Christ and His love. You

cannot help but feel His love and strength if you will only let Him come into your life.

And so as he went his rounds in the hospital the cure of souls was his great passion. There was nothing being done socially or religiously for the nurses and in the routine of their work to which they were bound, even their Sundays were rarely their own. There were influences, moreover, that tended to mar the best in their lives, and John saw the need for definite religious work on their behalf. He wanted to organize a vesper service in the hospital for them, but the superintendent objected. In a letter dated January 6, 1914, he tells of this effort:

Last Friday night a group of nurses got together for a prayer-meeting after much talk and they are going to keep this up each week. They have never had any religious services before to amount to anything. I got Miss H—— of the Student Volunteer Movement to speak to them a few weeks past and they were quite carried away with her. The Superintendent said "No," but I persisted until I got permission for her to speak. I am expecting to organize a mission study class soon among the nurses and would have done so earlier had it not been for the Superintendent.

John had a way of winning people's hearts to higher and holier living by drawing them to himself through little kindly services in the every day rush of life. He used to lighten the work of the nurses now and then by carrying a tray of food to a patient or by cleaning up things which it lay in their duty to care for, and by other little unprofessional services. It is to such a person that one in trouble immediately turns, even

though in health his religion was held in light esteem. This young interne was the first one called by Mrs. Green, the housekeeper of the hospital, when she met with a fatal accident in the hospital elevator. She was a woman of fifty and she had lived a careless life, gambling annually on the Kentucky horse races, getting drunk now and then, and so on. Two of her sons were professional gamblers. On her way upstairs one day, the electric current in the elevator went off half way between the second and third floors. She tried to climb out on to the second floor, but the power came on suddenly and she was caught and crushed against the upper floor. She was terribly mangled and knew that she did not have long to live. She sent for John to come and talk to her after everything possible had been done for her in the operating room. He came and with his New Testament in his hand led her to understand that there is mercy and pardon with God even to those who call on Him in their last extremity. And she was wonderfully converted. From the time of the accident she only lived twenty-eight hours, but she had them call all the servants who were in her charge to her room and she witnessed to them of the salvation which was hers. Her children came and she told them not to cry for her, that she was going to leave all pain and go to a land of joy. "The weather is fine here," she said, "but nothing to be compared with that above." She told her friends and the nurses around her bed that she wanted to meet every one above. John, writing of it, said:

It was the most beautiful and expressive death I have ever witnessed. I went to the funeral on Friday afternoon and the body was taken to Frankfort, thirty-five miles away, for burial. I did not have time to go, but John (her son) begged me so hard that I could not resist. Her death shook the whole hospital and the next few nights many of the patients could not sleep. Some of the lessons I have learned from this experience are: There is a Christ who is able to save; in all Americans there is a feeling of the reality of God in some form or other whether they acknowledge it or not for they have heard of Christ; I should refrain from judging or criticizing any one and do more to see what is deep in their lives. This has broadened my sympathy for people who do not live as I would like them to live.

As in other places, John's service for others was not confined to the institution with which he was connected. While in the hospital at Lexington he still continued his work with the Kentucky Volunteer Union and did the major part of the arranging for the annual conference in February at Georgetown College. He led a mission study class in the University of Kentucky. His comment in one of his letters about the University was that they had fourteen hundred students and not a single Volunteer for foreign missions. He was a regular attendant at church despite his heavy schedule of duties at the hospital. If he could not get off in the morning he went at night. He made talks in the Young People's Society. He was appointed chairman of an inter-church committee to get the foreigners of the city into English classes. One of his best friends in Lexington was a Greek who ran a shoeshine parlor on the main street of the city. John had

been kind to this man's wife when she was in the hospital and had helped them out in a situation where they had been dishonestly overcharged by a doctor in the city.

The following year was spent in New York in the Post Graduate and Riverside Hospitals. He had been chosen by the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation as one of the first of the young doctors they would support in China, and they called him to New York for further preparation. A few extracts from his letters show that the great city had no power to lure him from the faithful performance of his duty as a follower of Christ:

Sunday I went to church and Sunday School. After dinner I came back thinking I would be in time for church here (service in hospital), but failed. We have only a formal service and I do not enjoy it at all, but I try to attend when it is possible as my influence might be of some value.

I am on duty to-day, but I have got some one to relieve me this afternoon for a few hours when I am going down town to hear some missionaries.

I used to read my Bible as a duty and did not get much out of it. But now I find it a joy and pleasure.

I went to prayer-meeting last night to hear Dr. Jowett. He was not as good as he has been sometimes, but possibly it was my fault. I have not been feeling extra good.

What fun is there in that kind of a dull church going existence? cries some young college man. Do you expect us to revert to the stupid days of the Puritans? On with the dance—there is no excitement in prayer-

meetings! Well, for John Anderson at least, there was no dullness in his existence, no somber asceticism or sanctimonious withdrawal from the pleasures of life. He entered heartily into the social good times of the hospital, the masquerade parties, the good cheer of dinners with other doctors. And just because he had his best fun in making other folks happy does not mean that he satisfied himself with a spurious brand of happiness. Perhaps he was nearer the secret of happiness than those who seek it like moths in the candle flame of their impulses and passions.

John's conception of the value of student Christian conferences has already been indicated in these pages. His younger brother and sisters were in their first years of college life when he wrote to his father from New York:

I do not care to make my will at this time, but if I should die I request that the first money to be taken from my insurance be enough to send William and my younger sisters to one of the quadrennial Student Volunteer Conventions and enough money to send them to at least one of the Southern Student Conferences at Blue Ridge. Not anything in my life has helped me more than these two things. I think that William should go this summer by all means. I would hate to have him wait another year and then possibly not go, for he might not get a grasp as to what life is and what it means to live a life of service. There are many people who are just existing, not living, with no purpose, no desire to be anything. William is in a dangerous period of life, awfully dangerous. Are you all going to let him go on this way and not encourage him to choose the kind of life he is going to live? Do you want him to select his life work apart from God? After one of these conferences a

fellow can do more plowing, cutting wood or anything else, for he is ashamed to let a little work conquer him. These conferences have enabled me to do far better work in drilling wells, enjoying better health, and have kept me out of a great deal of mischief and meanness. I had rather see William go to this conference or really want to go, than to be in Furman next year. If he goes and gets the right idea of life, he is going to be in Furman no matter what happens, whether you all assist him at all or not. If you educate a fool he will be a bigger fool, as the old proverb goes. If you educate a fellow without any ambition to be or do anything, the less desire he will have to be anybody. I would like to see all my younger sisters and my brother of great influence in their communities. They can be if they get the right conception of life. Possibly you think that I am crazy about these conferences and I am. They have been of untold value to me and I want to pass on the benefits to some one else, so that they too may be helped. Some professors would rather have their students be Daughters of the Confederacy than followers of Jesus Christ.

With the coming of summer, the time for sailing to China drew very near. John had already received his appointment from the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board some months earlier. He was engaged to be marrried in June to Miss Minnie Middleton who had graduated from Meredith College in North Carolina, where she subsequently taught in the English department, and who had later graduated from the Baptist Woman's Training School in Louisville. There was the rush of the winding up of affairs in America, the gathering of equipment for the voyage and the life in the great land across the seas.

John wrote to his father:

For nearly five years I have been looking forward to going to this field. I have been trying to prepare myself for this work for nine years. Not any of you all can feel the joy in my life when I found that it was possible for me to begin this work. Then I have never felt so completely unable to do any work as I have in the past few days. God has opened the field, the way, and every opportunity for me, and now I am willing to let Him come into my life and take me and use me, completely surrendered to His will. Then what am I going to carry those Chinese? I will not tell you the questions I have asked myself, but I feel my weakness. I feel the need of your prayers as I never felt it before in my life.

And in another letter he said:

It is one of the hardest things for me to get rid of that selfish spirit that makes me think of what people say about what I do, rather than what God might say. This is one of the reasons that I have wished to bury myself in the interior of China where no one may hear of the work that God can do through me.

# CHAPTER VIII: INTO THE FAR EAST

## CHAPTER VIII

### INTO THE FAR EAST

A WEDDING in June; a farewell service to the departing missionaries in the old home church; the last good-bys to loved ones left behind; and then the long journey to the great land beyond the Pacific. With the high hopes of those who sent them out, with the holy purposes of true apostles, they ventured forth. To father and mother in the old home and to several of his closest friends John quoted this poem in letters at the time of parting:

"Go thou thy way and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are;
And 'God keep watch 'tween thee and me.'
This is my prayer.
He looks thy way—He looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where the road may lie,
Or which way mine may be;
If mine will lead through parching sands
And thine beside the sea:
Yet 'God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,'
So never fear:
He holds thy hand. He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine,
And my lot lowly be,
Or you be sad or sorrowful,
And glory be for me:
Yet 'God keeps watch 'tween thee and me.'
Both be His care.
One arm 'round thee and one 'round me,
Will keep us near.

I'll sigh sometimes to see thy face,
But since this cannot be,
I'll leave thee to the care of Him
Who cares for thee and me.
'I'll keep thee both beneath my wings.'
This comfort dear,
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,
So we are near."

At Chicago on the way to China, the Andersons joined a group of missionaries who were making the same boat from Vancouver. A man on his way out to India to drill oil wells occupied a berth opposite them. The first night out from Chicago, he was taken violently ill from gall stones, with convulsions and nausea and high fever. John took the man in charge and cared for him all the way to the coast. At Vancouver, in consultation with the hotel physician, it was decided that an operation was necessary. His passage on the steamer had to be canceled, his baggage sent to the hotel, telegrams sent to his wife and the oil company in Pennsylvania, and John cared for all these matters. On the next day, however, the man felt better and refused to be operated on. He insisted that he was going on the steamer. So John rearranged

OFF FOR A WHEELBARROW RIDE

Both sides of the family necessary in order to preserve the balance.

LOYAL FRIENDS OF THE HOSPITAL

The patient who was brought back to life by interesting her in an adopted baby after losing her own little son thru the mal-treatment of an ignorant midwife. A bottle fed baby is a new thing in China. Ordinarily the Chinese do not use cow's milk. This is one cause of the high death rate of children

everything connected with the trip, and as he continued unwell all the way across the Pacific, John cared for him as far as Shanghai. The man preferred this young doctor to the ship's surgeon. There was no fee given for all this service. John said one time that he thought the oil company ought to pay him fifty dollars, but he probably never sent in a claim.

The tedium of the three-day railroad journey to Vancouver was relieved by games which John organized for the party. He also took care of two young women who were making the trip alone. He went up into the baggage car and looked up their trunks for them, and was the general utility man for the crowd. And so on the boat, being one of those who did not succumb to the sickness of the sea, he kept up the spirits of the others, with Rook parties, deck sports, and so on. One of the party was a Chinese, a graduate of Vanderbilt, who was an enthusiastic competitor in all their contests. He was returning to Peking to teach in the Christian University there. Of his association with John Anderson he has written:

> I must acknowledge that I have in my life seen or met very few men to whom my heart went out so unreservedly as in the case of John Anderson. He was so jolly, good-natured, energetic and unselfish. He never thought of danger to himself.

An ocean voyage can be a very unhappy experience to certain susceptible natures. This voyage was no exception and there were several whom John had to cheer up with his jokes and medicine. One lady who

was especially miserable was given his own berth which was more comfortable and he slept thereafter in the cramped quarters where some of the crew were staying. These were not great deeds perhaps, but it is the little kindnesses, the thoughtfulness for others' comfort, which reveal a genuine unselfishness of spirit.

From the steamer he wrote——

> The nearer I get to China, the closer I feel that I am to God and the more I feel that I am doing what He would have me do.

On September 26, 1916, they landed at Shanghai. Kuei Chow, who had established his home in that city, had them out to dinner. On returning to China, Chow and his brothers had made a gift of $3,000 to the mission hospital at Yang Chow. Yang Chow itself was visited on the way up through the interior to Peking to the Language School. Of the work there John wrote:

> I found that Dick was the only doctor there and he had from sixty to one hundred out-patients every day besides the hundred in-patients. He had no American nurse at that time—she was away resting for a short time. Can you imagine a doctor having this much work? He has been here ever since he arrived in China and has not had any vacation. He was run down and needs rest badly. This is the place the Rockefeller Foundation is wanting to send me to. Every morning before Dick looks at any of his patients (except emergencies), he has a prayer-meeting with all the in-patients who can come to the chapel and with the out-patients. One morning he leads and the next morning a Chinese preacher leads. I attended the service on

Sunday morning and I do not recall any service in America that was more spiritual or reverent than this, though everything was in Chinese.

It was thought at that time that the Andersons were to be located at Chengchow, Honan, in connection with the Interior China Mission. This city was also visited on the way to Peking. Of that place John wrote:

I wish that I had five lives instead of one as all could be used. Just think of the need here in this city; the things that you see make you shudder. That is not only true of this city, but of others. Oh, that I could put one of my lives at Soochow, one at Yang Chow, one at Pochow, one at Kuei Lin and one here. The work is greater than I ever dreamed.

The North China Union Language School is located in Peking, the capital of the Chinese Republic. Nearly all the new missionaries who are to work in the Northern Mandarin speaking section of China study the language in this school in their first year. The enrollment has been over one hundred in the last few sessions. The establishment of this school, and several other similar schools in other sections of China, has smoothed out the path of the young missionary wonderfully and has made the introduction into Chinese life much easier. Instead of sitting down alone in some isolated station with an old Chinese scholar, six or eight hours a day, who gave up his knowledge of his mother tongue only by a process of extraction awkwardly undertaken by the one who sought to learn, there are now group classes in charge

of trained teachers. There is recreation together and sight-seeing trips in one of the most interesting cities in the world. The Altar of Heaven, the Great Wall creeping for fifteen hundred miles across the northern border, the Forbidden City of the ancient Emperors, the marvelous Summer Palace of the Empress Dowager, are all in easy journeys from the school hostel. Moreover, there is the opportunity of hearing mature missionaries in lectures to the school, and the large English-speaking student population in the capital is a field for the teaching of Bible classes before one is able to get into regular missionary work.

John dreaded the study of the Chinese language. He hated to get back to books. He did not want to lay down his medical work which he loved so thoroughly even for a short interval. He wrote of his introduction to the study on the 2nd of October:

> We had our first day of language study. I felt as tired as if I had done a whole day of plowing. It takes every bit of energy you have to try and catch the sounds that the teacher makes. It takes as much energy as to stay real firing mad all the time.

And a little later he wrote:

> Did you ever study until your head fairly ached? That is the way with this language here. But I am enjoying it and I would not change positions with any doctor in America.

It was not long, however, before his hands were full with caring for fellow language students. Of the experiences of those days Mrs. Anderson writes:

We had no sooner arrived in Peking than demands began to be made on John's time, and he gave it not only willingly, but with real joy, because he was so much more interested in medicine than in the language. It used to be a joke to us both that no matter how blue he was over studying (and that was often), some one was sure to arrive with a "bing" (sickness) and then he was happy again, dosing out pills and giving directions for proper treatment. The first few weeks were very strenuous. No doctor had been provided for the Language School and we had some serious illness, five cases of dysentery and four of typhoid, one of which developed into pneumonia of the most dangerous type. John not only doctored, but nursed, often sitting up all night. And those whom he nursed there, as elsewhere, can testify to his ability and gentleness. He seemed to know by instinct the things a sick person wanted done and did them with a deftness and sympathy that many a nurse would envy. He often said that he loved nursing, and he studied it too, knowing how often there would be need of such training in China.

During the year there were many other cases, both among the foreigners and Chinese who came to him for treatment. I don't believe there was a servant who escaped having something done for him. John and one or two others interested, bore the expense of having an operation done on one and later cared for that servant's little son who was very ill with pneumonia, going two or three times a day to their little home, helping give him sponge baths, etc. He went for weeks to one teacher's home, treating his children who had trachoma. The head teacher came to him for tuberculosis examination and seemed always grateful for John's continued interest in his diet and care of himself.

John nad a "way" with his patients and they often "minded" obediently when I hardly expected them to do so. I recall especially the case of Miss P—— who lost her mind for a while. She roomed next door to us and John was

often called in the middle of the night to quiet her. Once when she ran away from the hospital, he brought her up to our room and I remember distinctly how he coaxed her with jokes and foolishness into taking a cup of cocoa, the first food she had taken in days.

There was nothing at the Language School Hostel in which he did not have a hand. At Chinese New Year he played the part of kitchen coolie, all the servants having been given a holiday, and he left the kitchen shining clean. I remember how he boasted that he had used twice the usual amount of water.

(Of that day John himself wrote: "I got to wash dishes twice. It was work, but I enjoyed it better than any day I have had in China. I wish I could learn Chinese that way. I would change in a minute.")

If there was ever a stunt on, John was sure to do more than his share of the work that didn't show, but counted most. I remember one night I was chairman of a serving committee when we were having a great crowd. He found us all a bit confused about the best way to do it and in a few minutes had us organized so that things went smoothly.

Some of us know that there was no financial return for all this service for the sick, and that John used up practically all of his private stock of drugs that he had brought from America without being reimbursed. And he did this in a time of real personal difficulty because of the falling foreign exchange. The monthly salary was eaten up in board and room rent, and often there was only the margin of a dollar or two for incidentals after these charges were paid. But those who were sick had no money either and he would not withhold his hand whatever it might cost him. The Language School was in its beginnings and no

doctor had been employed to care for the students.

It is customary for one who goes to live in China to take a Chinese name. This is on account of the difficulty in transliterating foreign names into the Chinese characters and sounds. Usually one's first Chinese teacher decides on the name which is fitting. There are only one hundred Chinese surnames and so the range of selection is limited. John Anderson was given the name of An, meaning "peace," and his title as a doctor was Dai Fu—An Dai Fu, or as we should say, Dr. Peace. The surname in Chinese comes before the given name or title.

A letter dated February 4, 1917, reads:

The teacher that we have now is not a Christian. I have been talking to him. We have just got to the place that we can talk to the Chinese about being Christians at all. It is hard to say what we want to say in Chinese. We may think that it is not appreciated, but it does count if it is done in the right spirit. "Even a cup of cold water in His name——"

A later letter, dated April 1st, says:

I must say that I was a little blue last fall for a while with the language, but it gets more interesting the farther we go. We have a great deal of fun in learning it. We tell all the jokes we can think of. I have never regretted that I came to China in the least, but I have been a little discouraged as to the language. Now we can get around and we can make most of the people understand us. Just this past week I received the fourth appeal from one of our missions not so very far from here asking me to come there for a year if I cannot stay longer. There is a good hospital,

fourteen adults and thirteen children in the mission, not to speak of thousands of Chinese, without any physician. The doctor had to take his daughter home on account of her health. They are more than a day's journey from any physician. This is only one appeal; I could give numbers of others.

A man about four days' journey overland wrote here about two months ago asking for a doctor to come and be with his wife during confinement. This was the nearest place where there were any doctors. No one could go. So he brought her to Peking about a month ago. She caught smallpox on the way down in one of the places they spent the night in, the result being that the mother and child both died. We have a number of such things before us from day to day. I am glad that I am here.

At the close of the school year in June, he wrote:

The Chinese have little fighting blood in them. They always talk and never fight. I think they would be better off if they had fighting blood in them. Not that I want to see them fight, but I want to see them have manhood enough to stand for the right, for justice, and stand against sin and wrong and evil. In my student Bible class I have been trying to help the fellows into this attitude. They think that all that is necessary is for them to live a moral life, let others do as they please. They don't think that it makes any difference whether they join the church or not. It is hard to get them to come out and make a bold stand. Today one of my fellows united with the church and I believe others will unite soon. I am going to get a personal interview with each one of them if I can before I leave.

That summer was spent by the seaside at Chefoo, one of the ports of Shantung. A large summer colony of Americans and British takes advantage of the op-

portunities there for sea bathing and boating, and there are tennis and cricket, teas and concerts. Dr. Nevius, one of the earliest American missionaries to North China, imported fruit trees and now the hills that slope down to the harbor are covered with orchards that bear the finest apples, peaches and pears. There are fine vineyards as well. Dr. Hunter Corbett, over eighty years old, who came to China in the sixties, had a villa high up on one of the overlooking hills. Steamers of many nations come to anchor behind the breakwater. The Chinese fishing junks carry out long nets which are in the evening or early morning drawn ashore by the half-naked fishermen. The American flag, the most beautiful in all the port, floats high over the Consulate on Light-house Hill.

A stone house, right by the sea, was occupied by a jolly crowd of former friends, of which the Andersons were a part. There were frequent picnics out near the Chinese fort that guards the mouth of the Chefoo harbor. In July there was a moonlight fête in the American Consulate gardens for the benefit of the Red Cross, with Chinese jugglers, a musical program given by visiting "talent," and booths with soda and candy for sale. Then there was a two-day trip across to Hwanghsien and the first experience with a Chinese "Shan Tzu," a mode of land travel which often produces sensations sometimes felt at sea. Parallel poles with a kind of cradle swung between are fastened to the backs of two mules, and one or two passengers seat themselves in the cradle for the voyage. There is a bamboo mat which serves as a pro-

tection overhead. Progress is exceeding slow, so slow that the muleteer who walks beside to drive the animals often falls asleep as he walks. On this trip a stop was made at a Chinese inn, and fearing "animals" the travelers chose to sleep in the open courtyard underneath the stars of a Chinese summer night. A summer vacation in China is a most interesting experience.

John set himself a heavy schedule of language study with his personal teacher to make up for time lost attending to the sick around the school in Peking. But a doctor is at a premium in China, and with sick people in Chefoo as well as in Peking, he could hardly call his time his own. One of the children in the house was taken seriously ill with dysentery and John was trained nurse and doctor for him for the next few weeks. A lady missionary was brought from one of the interior stations to Chefoo to the home of her sister which was next door to where the Andersons were living.. She was in a state of nervous collapse with other complications. When John went in to see her, he said that she was raving like a wild beast and had no control of herself at all. It was really a case of deferred furlough, waiting to go home until it was too late. John was her constant attendant for the next month, and when the nurse who was on the case broke down under the strain, he nursed her for eighteen hours and then relieved the family every third or fourth night. Miss H—— who accompanied this missionary to Chefoo wrote later of Dr. Anderson:

To me he seemed one of the gentlest, most unselfish men I have ever seen or heard of. I can never forget the way

he worked over Tommie (Miss T——). He was physician and nurse and brother all in one. Again and again she said to me, "Oh, Dr. Anderson is so good to me."

Besides this John had many of the school girls of the mission to care for in their various ills. He was supposed to be on his vacation and this was not his "parish" at all. Moreover he was beginning to show signs of strain. But no one in distress ever turned to him in vain. At the end of the summer he took a long cross country trip to attend in a maternity case where there was no other doctor available. He wrote on his return from this trip:

How would you like to be two days from a doctor and no trained nurse to assist? They begged me to stay on so that I could hardly stand it. On the way back we had several streams to cross and I pulled off my shoes and carried my teacher and S—— across. I could carry them, but they could not carry me.

He followed out literally Paul's injunction:

We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.

It had been decided in consultation with the Mission Board and the China Medical Board that it was best for the Andersons to go to Yang Chow in the fall, that John might ease the burdens of Dr. Taylor who had been alone so long. In September, before leaving for the South, he substituted for several weeks for a doctor in the Presbyterian Hospital at Chefoo, and during the illness of the other doctor, he bore the

responsibility of the hospital alone. Dr. Hills, the founder of the hospital, was impressed with his "simplicity and gentleness of spirit, his persistency in carrying things through, and his medical ability which was much above the average."

The journey to Yang Chow was made as far as Shanghai by coastal steamer. The day they left Chefoo for Shanghai, John discovered that a lady, a stranger to him, had been crowded with her four children, one of whom was sick, into one of the smaller staterooms. He suggested that she and the children exchange cabins with his wife and himself and he helped in getting them comfortably settled, and then he cared for the sick child for the rest of the voyage.

# CHAPTER IX: YANG CHOW AND BEYOND

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### YANG CHOW AND BEYOND

The city of Yang Chow is one of the most aristocratic in China. It is famous as the home of great officials. Marco Polo, the traveler, visited it long ago (A. D. 1275), and its aspect has hardly changed from that time until to-day. The soft pad, pad, of the feet of the chair bearers and their singsong as they swing rapidly through the streets, the great brass kettles hissing in front of tiny tea shops, the venders of green vegetables who give their strange cries before the barred gates in high walls, the green scum on the Grand Canal, these are the same yesterday and to-day —will they be forever? The present population of the city is estimated as 360,000, most of the people being crowded together in the closest quarters. Sometimes there is only a single room for a family of six or seven. But inside those walls are also the gardens and rockeries of the wealthy. Winding walks and tea pavilions and lotus ponds are beautiful in chrysanthemum time.

Several missions are at work in the different sections of the city. The Baptist Mission to which the Andersons were attached has a church and a school and a hospital in the southwestern part of the city,

just inside the city wall. Here they were joyously welcomed in the fall of 1917.

The story of the busy days in that great and hoary city is told by Mrs. Anderson:

John began his work in Yang Chow with great enthusiasm which grew steadily in spite of many difficulties. With all his old relish for making things comfortable, he spent most of the first few weeks getting our house in order, though helping with operations and making the rounds with Dr. Taylor. The house in which we lived had many conveniences added mostly by his suggestion and often by his own hands. I remember finding him one day digging a ditch in the back yard so that a pipe could be connected with the cistern from our kitchen pump. A Chinese had been at it two days, but the work was too slow for John! All that winter he spent much of his spare time pruning trees and shrubs that had been neglected some time, laid new walks and brought order into what had been a rather dilapidated looking lawn. He was already planning to dig some artesian wells whenever he could secure a well machine.

On January first he took formal charge of the woman's clinic and hospital. This was a great relief to Dr. Taylor's burdened shoulders and he was never tired of saying how thankful he was for John's help. John began gradually to add conveniences that Dr. Taylor had not had time to attend to and with his instinct for nursing he soon helped the Chinese nurses to more professional ways of doing things.

I cannot give the exact number of his patients, operations, etc. They were the usual throng of discouraged sick who had tried Chinese doctors to their greater suffering, with occasional patients who knew enough about foreign medicine to come early. These latter were rare.

John was especially anxious for more normal maternity cases. Nearly all who came had undergone untold suffering

THE PARENTS OF "LITTLE FOUR"

The father and mother of "Little Four" and the baby born on the street who died of starvation. They were famine refugees and were cared for in the hospital for more than a month.

at the hands of ignorant midwives, often after four or five days' labor. One I remember especially. I met the stretcher (a Chinese wicker cot) coming along our main street, being heralded by Mrs. Ye, a former patient and one of the hospital's staunchest friends. John found the poor woman in an awful state. I shall never forget the look on the faces of her two women relatives who stood by, one on either side. How strange it was to them—no wonder their white faces dripped perspiration at every tiny moan from under the ether cone. Finally when John had to tell them that the baby was dead, one cried out: "Oh, Doctor, bring him back to life." The baby was a little boy and would have been the hope of the family, for his father had died shortly before, the parents refusing to let him have a simple operation that would probably have saved him. The mother lay almost lifeless, in great pain from the terrible infection following the treatment she had received. John worked night and day, even carrying dainty broth from our own kitchen to tempt her, trying to coax her into an interest, for he said: "If she dies it's because she does not want to live." Then an adopted son was suggested and a wee scrap of a baby brought from the foundling home gradually won the listless woman back to life. The baby lived on there for six weeks and grew to be a bonny fat boy, being bottle fed from milk that John prepared most of the time himself. It was in times like these that he sighed so often for an American trained nurse, but he did his work and the nurse's too, with never failing gentleness. The woman and her mother, a sweet old lady, grew to be great friends of ours.

John loved his children patients best of all and it was no unusual sight to see him swinging along the wards or hospital walks, one on either side chattering away. "Little Apricot" was one of his best beloved, a pretty child of twelve. She used to run to him and snuggle up against him just as if she had been an American child. "Little Ear" came with a terrible fracture of the elbow, the arm swollen

for a week. She was so shy that she used to bury her face in the cover when we came around, but in ten days John had coaxed her over home to play with the baby and in less time than that she was the affectionate little friend of the whole place. Still another, almost a beggar, but a bright sweet child of ten or twelve, came with a tubercular ankle. She was there for months and came to seem a part of the hospital. I remember John's saying as we made the rounds one evening: "I am going to keep that child until she gets well if we never get a penny even for her food."

Then in April came "Little Four" and his family, the most interesting group we ever had. It was a cold, rainy afternoon when John sent for me. I found Dick and John getting a picture of the most desolate family group I ever saw. The woman had dropped wearily on a bench, leaning against the wall in utter abandonment of strength and desire for anything. By her, in a similar state of filth, vermin and dejection, sat her husband, holding a wisp of a six-day old baby, born on the street. A blue rag was wrapped about its body, but legs purple with cold dangled down helplessly. And ten feet away I could see the body lice crawling on the poor little thing.

John started them upstairs, a nurse on either side of the woman. But they handled her gingerly, to say the least. I saw John's eyes flash with anger. He pushed them aside and helped the woman up himself, straight into the warm operating room. "We'll cut off her hair first," he said, to which the man protested that she would be no longer "hao kan" (good-looking). But the hair was cut, John himself doing the deed. The woman's lips were so parched from starvation, we could hardly get her to drink tea. She had not had anything to eat in over a week. John asked the man why she had not eaten. The answer was simply: "We had no food." You can fancy how much nourishment she had for the baby. We fed it on a bottle, but the poor little thing had had too hard a start, six days without anything.

A week later it died, though John worked literally day and night to save it. I came back from a trip to Shanghai to find John padding and lining a tiny coffin. He had already carried over some of our baby's clothes for the little body. And then he smashed all precedents for hurrying dead bodies out of the hospital by having a funeral. It is one of the most vivid memories of our life at Yang Chow—the little room growing dark in the twilight, nurses and the carpenter who had made the coffin standing against the wall, father and mother and brothers of the baby seated in stupid wonderment at the meaning of it all—and there by the coffin, Miss Hwang, the woman evangelist, read by the light of a flickering lamp the immortal words of the Bible about the resurrection. Then she prayed and suddenly the father, stirred by some strange new emotions, flung himself on the floor and tried to pray. It was the queerest jumble of longing and need I ever heard, but somehow we all felt as if God took heed. Then he turned and began kow-towing to John.

"Why," he said, "all this waste of heart on a girl baby? It would have been all the same to her if we had just carried her out and thrown her over the wall."

But it was not the same to John, nor was it, I fancied, to any of the few who witnessed it.

There were three boys in this family who were almost as badly off as their mother. They were also cared for in the hospital while the father worked on the hospital grounds for a month or more. Restored to health and strength at last, they became homesick and wanted to return to their ancestral village, which was sixty miles east of Yang Chow. They had left there three years before in a time of famine and had not been able to return. John tried to get them to stay in Yang Chow, promising to find work for the father, but they would go. And so John and Dr. Taylor supplied them with money for the journey. It was finally agreed that "Little Four" should stay behind. A little room was fitted up for him in the servants' quarters, his queue was cut

off, and then he was started to school. The first Sunday he went to church, John gave him a penny to put in the collection, and later he was allowed ten pennies a week for which he rendered a weekly account of expenditures. His first purchase was a pair of socks. John put him to learning the Ten Commandments, and as soon as these were learned he set him to other Bible verses. He has since been sent to the mission school in Soochow, and has been given a new name—Peter.

One other funeral John managed in an outside room where a smallpox baby died. "It's their only chance to know anything of our conception of death," he answered the Chinese who insisted that he was wasting his energies for nothing.

Through the long summer months he worked untiringly, often beginning his operations at five in the morning. I remember a Mrs. Wang who had a very serious operation. She was a valued worker in the China Inland Mission school and three of the missionaries spent the night before with us that they might be there to see the operation and encourage Mrs. Wang. John slept almost none that night and I knew he was praying anxiously for skill to do the operation. I feared he would come to the task worn out and nervous from his night's vigil, but he was as cool as I ever saw him and did a splendid operation. He said he had never seen so many complications, but the patient recovered fully and was a real blessing to our hospital during her stay.

It should be recalled that this was only the second year of John Anderson's life in China. Ordinarily, the second year as well as the first, is given up more or less wholly to the study of the language. It is more difficult for a medical missionary to take time for the second year of study on account of the immediate demand for his professional services. John tried to carry on his studies in the language with his

other work. At first he set aside three hours a day to be with his teacher. The change from Peking to Yang Chow added the difficulty of a difference of dialect. He had originally gone to the Peking School because he expected to work in Honan. There were excuses enough to simply let the language go, and try to do the best service possible without proficiency in speaking Chinese, as is sometimes done. But it was not his habit to do things half way, especially when a limitation on his speech meant a limitation on his opportunity to speak for his Lord. He set himself the task of leading the hospital chapel in his turn, and though it took more energy than the performance of a major operation he stuck to it. This determination impressed deeply the hospital evangelist who was one of John's best friends among the Chinese and he spoke of it later. In this first summer at Yang Chow, he gathered the hospital workers into a class in "The Manhood of the Master," using the Chinese translation.

Moreover, he was as faithful as ever in the general work of the church. Note this letter written in the winter time:

Every night this week there has been a meeting in the church. The average attendance has been over two hundred, mostly men. The church has no heat and part of it has no roof, the windows all loose, and the floor is made of dirt brickbats thrown together. I have been three times and I do not see for my life how the Chinese can stand it. It was all that I could do to stand it as it has been so cold this past week. Last night the preacher talked about Christ being crucified and the people would come in off the street

while he was talking, stand up, go out, change seats, talk, read, sing, smoke, or anything else they wanted to do. It is so hard to tell them about Christ and His life in a few minutes for all this talk is foreign to them. I do not blame them for they do not know any better, but I certainly do pity them and wish and pray that they may see and believe. It is going to take time and a long time and a great deal of hard work and prayer to Christianize this country, so fixed in its ways and customs. I am not discouraged and I do not believe I am going to be, for I have as near an ideal home as I can to go to after mixing with the filth and dirt and unspeakable diseases.

John's chief happiness centered in his home. All during the year at Peking he was looking forward to having a home of his own where he would have in his own hands the keys of hospitality and where there would be real quiet and peace and rest alone. When they were at last settled in their own home in Yang Chow, he wrote that Minnie and he had had their first meal alone for many months. But he loved company too. He wrote in one letter:

We had just a few days past a man, his wife, two children and a friend of theirs, to spend the night with us. I am going to copy a portion of the note she wrote us—"We are under life-long obligation to you all for taking us in and giving us such good care. I don't think I was ever so struck by the hospitality of a lovely Christian home than when we came into your quiet, sweet home after the dirty, wet, miserable heathen launch and streets." I do believe that a Christian home in China is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, not only from the hot sun, not only from the dirt and filth, but a shadow against sin in every form. I do hope that we shall always be able

to keep our home open. These people we had never met and knew nothing about them except that they were coming through Yang Chow. We want to keep our home open not only to our own countrymen, but to the Chinese as well. We had a Chinese lady at dinner with us to-day who a few years ago was a Buddhist nun.

It was the Andersons' regular custom to have some Chinese to a meal once a week, sometimes patients nearly well, sometimes hospital assistants and others. Mrs. Anderson tells of two Sunday dinners in particular when An Dai Fu brought over his favorite "Little Apricot" and Tsang Ken Tzu, a little cripple boy. He entertained them with funny stories and post cards of American scenes, just as if they had been children at home. Never a father was happier over the coming of a little son, than John when his boy was born in the autumn that they came to Yang Chow. His letters were always full of him thereafter.

He wrote September 12, 1918:

Mink was gone about six days to Shanghai for dental work. It kept me busy at odd times taking care of Griffith. I had some sick patients and had to go to the hospital at night. One night Griffith was so wide awake that I wrapped him up and took him with me, though it was raining. He enjoyed every minute as we had a red lantern and he enjoys light so much.

About this time the matter of going with the Red Cross to Siberia had to be decided. Both Dr. Taylor and John wanted to go. John had written to his brother who was entering the army:

I hope that you will enjoy military life and that you are anxious to get out and fight for your country and for the right. I have wished that I was not so tied down here or I would be in France with some coolies. Dr. Taylor has an Edison and has two records about the war. The first time I heard them, it certainly did make my heart fairly thrill. You will not find military life easy, but hard, with things that it takes a man to do with the best that is in him. Last spring in Peking we got up at five and went two miles to drill every morning. That was fun beside what you will go through. I am proud of having a brother in the war. The fellow who will not fight for the right has not much red blood in him.

The China Medical Board decided finally that Dr. Taylor should go on account of his approaching furlough. The two doctors had a long talk together and John said to his friend:

Dick, I want you to feel that half of me is going to Siberia too, and half of me is staying here, and I want to take care of Anne (Mrs. Taylor) and your children just as I do of Mink and Griffith, if I may.

Dr. Taylor's family moved into the Anderson home and John even had their piano moved over and upstairs for them. It was quite an undertaking. The piano stuck half way up the stairs in spite of the efforts of about a dozen Chinese, and the ladies begged him to give up for fear that the stairway might collapse. It was thoroughly typical of John's determination to see things through that he calmly propped up the stairs and took away part of the railing and the piano went up of course, though moving it consumed most of the

afternoon. John had a "shoot the chutes" built for the Taylor children in the back yard.

Here are some quotations from several of John's letters written about this time:

It has been a right interesting day for me, dispatching three Chinese whom we have taken on to send to school this year. One will cost us $60, one $8, and the other about $12. We have one more that we are mighty anxious to help through college, about $120 a year. He is such a fine fellow. He was my teacher last summer.

This morning it was my time to lead prayers and I talked about twenty minutes on the barren fig tree, as recorded in Mark XI. Christ did not say that this tree had never brought forth fruit, but that it did not have any on it then. How we Christians think that if we do something once a year, or once a month, that it is sufficient. Christ told the tree that it should wither for it had no fruit. If He should come and find our names on the church roll, pretending to be Christians and not bringing forth fruit, I fear that He would treat us as He did the fig tree.

At this time also, word came that the China Medical Board had granted $45,000 and the Baptist Foreign Mission Board $15,000 for the erection of a more commodious hospital. Of this John wrote:

With this equipment you have no idea how meek and unable I feel to do my part in running this hospital as it should be. I am looking to God for guidance and direction from day to day. In order to get in more time with God I have been getting up at 5:30, but as Mink is getting stronger and I do not have to wait on her, we are going to make it six o'clock.

On October 9th, the home letter which was received in Woodruff on November 18th, contained the following:

In the last seven days I have had five operations for appendicitis. I have averaged five or six operations a day for nearly a month. I have over sixty patients in the hospital. On top of this four or five of my helpers have been sick, and our chief Chinese assistant who has been here twelve years has gone. Then I have to see after a number of workmen as we are getting ready to build a big addition to the hospital. The Building Committee of the Mission on which I happen to be one of three members, has left all the plans to be decided on by me after I have consulted with the architect. With this I still keep up leading chapel twice a week and attending seven days a week, prayer-meeting once, church once, and the prayer-meeting of the missionaries once each week. I could name a number of other things, but from this you can see that I have enough to do to keep me out of mischief. I do not know what we will do to run the hospital much longer if we do not get more help, as drugs are so high. I have had six cases of typhoid recently. I am looking forward to one month's rest the first of February, as that is Chinese New Year and medical work slacks off at that time.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Central China Mission called John to Shanghai for the thirteenth of November. Begrudging even a few hours from his work, he planned to take the midnight train on the twelfth. A launch was scheduled to leave Yang Chow at 8:30 P. M. to connect at Chinkiang with the Shanghai train. The day was very full. The hospital accounts were all straightened up in perfect order,

and his desk was cleared. A letter was mailed with a check for $25.00 as a contribution to the Educational Campaign in North Carolina for Wake Forest College. After supper he packed his bag, and then sat around with the two families, laughing and joking in high good spirits. He started out once or twice to walk to the canal, and then decided that he might have to wait by the canal bank for the launch, and so came back to the warmth of his happy home. Finally he and one of the older missionaries went out into the night to catch the launch. Arriving at the wharf they found that it had already departed. The only chance to make the train would be a small sampan, and at that it was a question as to whether it would not arrive too late. For a moment John hesitated and almost decided to go back and go to bed and get a good night's rest. Then striking a bargain with the boatman for the trip he waved good-by to the missionary and jumped aboard with his old servant, Dzu Da. To speed up the journey, John took turns with Dzu Da and the boatman in towing the boat from the bank of the canal until they reached the mouth of the canal on the north bank of the Yang Tze River. Dzu Da was the last man to do any towing, and when he got aboard the sampan he was perspiring freely. John took his own steamer rug off his knees and, in spite of the protests of the old man, he wrapped it around the servant and put his lantern between his legs to keep him from catching cold in the November night. He told Dzu Da that he himself was already warm.

The night was dark and the river was far from quiet as they put out into its swift current to cross to the south bank to Chinkiang. John and Dzu Da were sitting together in the body of the boat, the boatman at the rear sculling with the oar, when a large river steamer loomed up in the darkness. Never thinking of himself, John reached for the lantern and sprang to the bow of the little boat, to give warning lest they be run down. Apparently the lookout on the steamer never saw the swinging light, for the steamer struck the sampan, and John encased in his heavy overcoat was thrown into the river. The boatman heard a cry, but night and the Yang Tze had swallowed him up. The steamer without stopping passed on up the river. Lifting the light in the darkness to save others John Anderson went down into the dark waters. The others clung to the little sampan which was broken in two, and drifted safely to shore in the later morning. They ran at once to the missionaries in Chinkiang with the news, and in the afternoon it was brought to the hospital in Yang Chow.

"Great-heart is dead, they say,—
Fighting the fight,
Holding the light,
Into the night.

Great-heart is dead, they say,—
But the light shall burn brighter,
And the night shall be lighter,
For his going:
And a rich, rich harvest for his sowing.

Great-heart is dead, they say,—
What is death to such an one as Great-heart?
One sigh, perchance, for work unfinished here,
Then a swift passing to a mightier sphere,
New joys, perfected powers, the vision clear,
And all the amplitude of Heaven to work
The work he held so dear.

Great-heart is dead, say they?
Nor dead, nor sleeping! He lives on! His name
Shall kindle many a heart to equal flame.
The fire he lighted shall burn on and on,
Till all the darkness of the lands be gone,
And all the kingdoms of the earth be won,
And one.

A soul so fiery sweet can never die,
But lives and loves and works through all eternity."

THE END

Date Due

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Poteat, Gordon
AUTHOR
A Greatheart of the South.
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